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We give place again to the voice of the Le Roy Convention, that it may linger among the hills of the mighty west, and elsewhere, presenting its strong remonstrance against the prostitution of the anti-slavery cause to party politics. Abolitionists, hearken to its timely call! Rescue our great movement from the grasp of political ambition! Vindicate the *sufficiency of* TRUTH, to overthrow error, and rebuke the glaring heresy to reason, and to Deity, that it is inferior to *political party!*

Another convention is about to assemble in Western New York, at Palmyra, in Wayne County. We look to it with confidence that it will place the seal of decided reprobation on the third party movement. If the true-hearted abolitionists of our country fail to rescue the cause from the embarrassments thrown around it by political strife, the responsibility be on their own heads. That they are *able* to do it, we feel certain; but *will* they! Will they *come up to the issue?* Now is the time,—let it not pass by unheeded.

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ADDRESS

Of the Western New-York Anti-Slavery Convention, held at Le Roy, in Genesee County, on the 6th, 7th and 8th of January, 1841.

Fellow Citizens:—It is an admitted principle, that no organization can long retain its permanence and efficiency, without a strict adherence to its fundamental principles; and that fidelity to the original compact, can alone secure its harmonious action.

Seven years have elapsed since the formation of the American Anti-Slavery Society. Its object was definite, its principles uncompromising, its measures simple. It was founded in toleration, and its chief glory consisted in the fact, that all could enlist under its broad banner who claimed to be *human*, and were the enemies of slavery. Humanity, the inherent sinfulness of slavery, and the consequent duty of immediate emancipation, were its *test* and its *creed*. Whoever could lay claim to the former, and subscribe to the latter, received the right hand of fellowship; and the grand spectacle was presented to the world, of those of "all nations, kindred, and tongues," harmoniously co-operating for the elevation of *man*, and the restoration of his rights. They stood shoulder to shoulder in the fierce contest, and were declared by the world, to be men of "*one idea*"—they were, but it was a *glorious* "idea." An "idea" that absorbed their energies, gave vitality to their action, ennobled their enthusiasm, and dignified their character.—An "*idea*," that *all* men were by nature, *alike* entitled to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness,"—that accident of birth, color, beauty, strength, wealth, or any other factitious distinctions, could not rightfully affect the indefeasibility of the tenure by which every human being claimed to belong, under God, to himself—an "idea," that was to drive slavery from the world, and send her back howling to the *pit*. For this, they could afford to unite their efforts, and welcome every faithful ally. As they moved onward in one unbroken phalanx, grasping the sword of *Truth*, and wielding it with an unfaltering arm, the enemy trembled and summoned all her forces to the contest. Then was the "time that tried men's souls." Then it was that slavery, touched by the Ithuriel spear of truth, unmasked herself, and bade her minions, north and south, do battle for their lawful mistress. Her mandate was obeyed—and, from the highest officers down to the meanest private, commanded by "gentlemen of property and standing," they fought valiantly, but at fearful odds, for Omnipotence was against them.

Then the friends of liberty were kept together by a common devotion to a common cause; but when by untiring assiduity and unremitted exertions, in the face of obloquy, contempt, and scorn, they had gained a degree of respectability in the eyes of the world, their numbers were increased, and it was soon found that they had not all been baptized in the waters of toleration, and divisions ensued. To pass over the separation which has taken place in our ranks in other parts, let us come down to what has transpired in our own vicinity, and under our own observation.

At an anti-slavery convention held at Arcade, in Genesee County, in January last, a new test of membership was introduced, and a new *standard* of abolition erected. It was this. "The anti-slavery electors of the United States are bound, by *all* their regard to the civil and religious rights of the great American people, *forthwith* to form themselves into an *independent political party*, for the more effectual support of those rights, by nominating candidates for public office who will favor them, and by sustaining such candidates at the ballot box." This was a direct violation, not only of implied, but expressed faith, and in direct contravention to the oft-repeated avowals of abolitionists in their private and associated capacity. Look for a moment at the philosophy embodied in the resolution quoted above, as passed by the Arcade Convention. It contains the essence of intolerance, backed up by the veriest assumption, or else furnishes a justification to any man who might lay aside his *anti-slavery* principles for the time being. What are its propositions?

1st. That a *due respect* for the civil and religious rights of the *American people*, demand the formation of a *new* political party; assuming as true, *two* things, neither of which it has ever proved, viz: that no reliance could be reposed with certainty upon *any political party in existence*, to accelerate this cause; and secondly, that the only way to secure the rights of the people was to throw the people into a partisan position.

2d. That the *same* regard demands the nomination of candidates to represent the people by *party* action, thus implying that it is a man's duty growing out of his highest obligations to belong to a party.

3d. That it is his duty to vote for *the* candidate when nominated, thus binding him body and soul to the *dictum* of his party. Now, if a man is obligated by his civil and religious regards to the "*rights of man*" to help form a party, to nominate candidates *in* that party, and to support *such* candidates at the ballot box, what becomes of his individual independence? Are his actions, his reponsibilities, his obligations, to be swallowed up in his party? If so, let us hear no more of reproof from our "third party" brethren, for voting as abolitionists have done. If this is *not* true, if individual duty and obligation are not to be swallowed up in the *mass*, what becomes of the truth of the assertion contained in the resolution above quoted? What shall the individual do whose dislike to a candidate is strong, though every associate of his may approve of the nomination?—Give up his individual dislikes? Submit to the will of the majority? Do as Romans do because he is with Romans? This is the philosophy of the Arcade resolution. If they do not *this*, they must come back to the *old* plan. If they do it, they must yield to others what they claim, and cease rebuking those who, adopting their philosophy, voted for candidates by no means such as they would have preferred upon the question of abolitionism.

Heretofore the efforts of abolitionists have been to enforce the importance of *individual responsibility*; to show that all the relations of life, however diversified, should be subservient to the great primary relations of one's being—that of a man; to convince men that party *feeling* should never be urged at the expense of individual responsibilities; and that freedom of action, and a due sense on the part of each, of the obligations of each, were the great safeguards of the rights of *all*. It was no small matter of astonishment, therefore, to the great body of American abolitionists to behold a convention in Western New-York promulgating the doctrine, that they were bound *forthwith* to form themselves into a political party, or else be declared false to their highest obligations. Such a course exhibited the highest intolerance, and has met its *fate* in the fiat of rejection which has been measured out by *ninety-five hundredths* of the voting abolitionists of the whole country.

Up to 1838, there was but one voice and one mind on this subject.

At the annual meeting in May, 1837, the American Anti-Slavery Society says in its annual report, that "the great end at which we aim, is to subvert the relation of master and slave, not by machinery, *political* or ecclesiastical, but by establishing in the hearts of men, a deep and wide spreading conviction of the brotherhood of the human race." "Political hypocrisy is so common, and has been, time out of mind, that *it* seems to form the *rule*, and honesty the *exception*. It is to be expected that some *political wolves* will put on the clothing of abolitionism, and seek to elevate *themselves*, and manage the anti-slavery organization, to secure their own purposes. But they ought to be met on the threshhold, and stripped of their disguise. The best safeguard against their entrance, is, for abolitionists, while they firmly refuse to vote for a man who will not support abolition measures, to *avoid* setting up candidates of their own. Let every abolitionist follow the leading of his own political principles, as long as he can do it without sacrificing the paramount claims of the *slave*."

This was not the voice of the Executive Committee *alone*. It was the voice of the abolitionists of *America*. It passed at the annual meeting unanimously, and not a note of remonstrance was heard from any abolitionist in the land. The standard erected at Arcade, was submitted to a large convention of abolitionists at West Bloomfield, in Ontario County, early in February. It was fully and ably defended, and rejected by a large majority. It was also submitted to an anti-slavery convention at Waterloo, Seneca County, in the latter part of the same month, and *there* rejected by a still larger majority. It was again submitted to the abolitionists of the eighteen western counties of this State, assembled at Farmington, Ontario County, in March, for the purpose of organizing the New-York Western Anti-Slavery Society, and notwithstanding it was ably argued by its author, it was almost unanimously rejected. Yet, in the face of all these facts, they persisted in issuing a call for a National Anti-Slavery Political Convention, to be held at Albany, which resulted in the nomination of Birney and Earle as candidates for President and Vice President of the United States, by a majority of eleven votes. Immediately following this, the efforts of many seemed chiefly to be expended in setting in motion the wheels of a new political party, and in August a State Convention was held at Syracuse, where no one was allowed to speak or vote except those who were in favor of completing the organization, and the machinery was put in operation. There, they pledged to each other, and the world, "their sacred honor," never to disband until *liberty* shall be proclaimed "throughout the land to all the inhabitants thereof." It was also resolved, "That we believe we should make it a matter of principle whenever we have a *vote* to cast, whether for the highest or the LOWEST office in this land, *never* to confer power—no, not for a single moment—on those who are hostile, or indifferent to the extension of the elective franchise, and the abolition of slavery," thus fastening one end of the party chain to the Presidential chair, and the other to the pound gate.

The philosophy of history, is the philosophy of the past. By its light, the *present* is illumined, and it foreshadows the future. The political history of this country, furnishes many evidences of the dark and despotic influences of party spirit, and its deleterious bearings upon the independence of the people as a mass. In our calmer moments, *all* have more or less deplored its power, and its virulence, in times of great excitement. Now, while it was never originally considered as part of the object, to carry forward which, the abolitionists associated, to war against any Party Organization, it was hoped that a general diffusion of our principles among the people, would awaken such a spirit of manliness, and such a love for human rights,—such a respect for man as a social intelligence, as essentially to soften the asperities of party, and modify materially the treatment to each other, of political opponents. But alas! the philosophy of action which the third party have adopted, has dashed our expectations in the dust, so far as their course is concerned; and the last election has witnessed their forces pitted in the great political amphitheatre, against those of the other parties, and mingling in the strife and commotion, attendant upon a presidential canvass. Another feature of their philosophy, against which, as abolitionists, we stoutly contend, and to the embracement of which, they have labored assidiously to seduce the anti-slavery host, is the system of "Caucus nominations." The tendencies of this system, every man knows, are to the making and fastening collars upon the neck of all those who are the least refractory. We think, the legitimate object of our holy cause, is the *unclasping* of the collar from the neck of man, not *affixing* it there. It is not by such machinery, that the freedom of the *slave* is ever to be secured, or the equality of human rights vindicated.

From a party, just organized on the great principles of personal liberty, we might have expected, that in its infancy at least, it would have been an "exception" to the general rule of political "electioneering." But what do we see? Some of its leaders, urging the expediency of nominating John Savage, ex-chief justice of the Supreme Court of this State, for Governor—a man, lauded by the Editor of the Emancipator, for his "pure democratic principles" but whose "democracy" has been to the *slave* and the colored man of this land, a *mere abstraction*,—whose sympathy for suffering humanity has been so cool, as to allow him to keep his lips closed a whole life,—a man, who said he was "ready to make any sacrifice for the success of *his party*."—With these developments, is it strange that the movement was viewed with jealousy, and suspicion, by many of the friends of the anti-slavery cause? Is it strange that Ontario county, which had been confidently set down by them as containing not less than six hundred *Third Party* voters, and which last year gave three hundred and thirty-six votes on the *old plan*, could muster only one hundred and fifty-two, to endorse the measure? Is it strange, that Madison county, the residence of their candidate, should, under such circumstances, give a vote, diminished one half from its vote of the former year, and other counties in the same proportion? Is it strange, that *thousands* were induced to reject fidelity to the "Third Party," as a true test of abolitionism, especially as many of their prominent men were members of *national ecclesiastical organizations*, the action of which was decidedly pro-slavery, and some of them were in their individual capacity, supporting pro-slavery ministers, while their loudest anathemas were hurled at the head of the unlucky individual, who should cast a *vote* for a *path-master* who was indifferent to the extension of the elective franchise, or the abolition of slavery? We believe it as inconsistent to vote for *slavery* as to pray for it, but what constitutes *pro-slavery* voting? Two years ago, Luther Bradish was held up as a perfect pattern of an anti-slavery politician, and *all* abolitionists were exhorted to vote for him. More than this, even up to the time that he declined to accept the nomination of Governor from the hands of the Third Party, his fame was undimmed. He stood up without *spot*. But suddenly there came over him, or his former admirers, a mighty change—and he was held up before the abolitionists, as a pro-slavery man. Of what crime had he been guilty? To what monstrous perversion of right had he given his assent? This, and this alone: HE DECLINED RUNNING AS THEIR CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR! Thousands were unable to see how a declinature of a nomination, could so suddenly change a man whose abolitionism had been unquestioned, into a pro-slavery man, who was to find his just level by the side of those who rioted on human hopes, and gloried in the dead. In thus confounding all distinctions of *right* and wrong, in telling the world that John Tyler, and Luther Bradish, were *alike* entitled to the support of abolitionists, they lost the confidence (and deservedly too,) of the great body of anti-slavery voters, in their just discrimination, and thus were shorn of their influence. There is one other point in the Third Party philosophy, to which we ask a moment's attention, as it is the frame-work of their whole superstructure. It is this: That no man can be a true abolitionist, and belong to either of the political parties. Now, we ask, what we have all been for the last ten years? We have all been acting more or less efficiently with these parties, at least, so far as they moved to the slave's aid Have we been no abolitionists? Or is it true, that in proportion as a political party approximates to right, does our obligation to withdraw from it increase? The parties are more favorable *now*, than at any previous period. Why then shall we cut loose from *them*, and join *another*, when not a word of remonstrance was heard against our connexion with them in the darkest hours of our struggle, so far as they went for the slave? We do not understand such reasoning. But their assertion is not true. They put it forth without the attendant *data*. We call for *proof*, ample and decisive, ere we turn our noble cause into a system of electioneering, and our moral reformers into politicians. Men *can*, and *do* hold office in the parties, and refuse to violate their principles of abolitionism Look at Chauncey L. Knapp, just re-elected by the Whig legislature of the State of Vermont. His convictions of duty were respected by his party, and he fills the important post of *Secretary of State*, not on account of his drawing in a collar, but because of his competence in business, and his unflinching honesty. Many other cases might be adduced.

That political action is one of the means by which the day of emancipation is to be accelerated, we do not deny; but that a "third political party," is the *only*, or the *best* channel in which such action should flow, we do not believe. That church action is also one of the means by which this enterprise is to be carried on, is equally plain, but it by no means follows, that we should organize an independent anti-slavery church, although we might do so, with quite as much propriety as to organize an anti-slavery political party. That *legislative* action should be brought to bear upon this question is not doubted, but the only healthful legislative action, is that which is the offspring of a correct public sentiment, and this follows the conviction of its necessity surely and effectually. Any other action is greatly to be deprecated, for no moral reformation can be made permanent, unless it is radical in its character. Suppose that by some coercive process the slave trade between the states, and slavery in the District of Columbia, were abolished. and the home trade declared *piracy*—unless the *hearts* of the people were "turned to righteousness, and the laws backed up by public sentiment, the domestic trade could flourish, as the foreign trade has done, *in spite of* Law. We apprehend that this great reform is to be peacefully consummated, *only*, by holding up the great standard of Truth, and pressing home her claims to regard, upon the attention of the people; thus, cleansing *all* the channels of society, and pourising through them, those healthful influences which shall knock off the chains of the bondman, and refreshen and invigorate the energies of the whole population. The arguments which our third party brethren have adduced, and the language they have held, have been such as to convey the idea, that within their ranks was embodied all of vitality in the cause,—all of sympathy for human suffering, and *all of effort* for its relief; when the results of the election show that they comprise of the whole abolitionism of the country, (male and female,) only one fiftieth part. We think our brethren have greatly erred, and while we love them, we take this occasion of saying that we entirely discard their philosophy of action, and cannot give it our co-operation, and have no apology to make for having apportioned so much of this Address to its consideration

There is but one point at which slavery is assailable; that is, *the sinfulness of the relation itself, and the duty of immediate emancipation*. Men have for ages been quarrelling with the *abuses* of slavery, but all to no purpose; for she would admit that a reform was necessary, at the same time she was keeping in operation, a *cause*, of which all these abuses were but the legitimate results. While our attention was called to the cruelties, the whippings, the over driving, and under feeding, the separation of families, the barbarities of masters,—she was thrusting her roots deeper into freedom's soil, and spreading her deadly shade over her whole heritage. While we were indulging her with an unmolested existence on account of her "peculiar circumstances," she was, by that very indulgence, obtaining superiority over us, till at length she boldly bade us defiance, and laughed at our impotency. She had silently but effectually, assumed the pre-eminence in our halls of Legislation, and written her decrees upon our *statute* books. She had clothed herself with the ermine of the Judge, and seated herself upon the bench of Justice. She had hidden her loathsome form under the sacerdotal garb,—had become the presiding genius in our Theological Seminaries and Schools—had upturned our jurisprudence, and perverted the hearts of our people. But there were a few free spirits, upon the altar of whose hearts, the fire of Liberty still burned with a glowing heat. Urged on by the highest considerations of love to man, they threw themselves athwart her path, and to their unflinching courage, aided by the divine blessing, it is this day owing, that our country is on the high road to redemption.

You, who have buckled on the armor of abolition, will you falter now? This is no time to sleep.

> "If once there was need of courage and might,
> *Now* gather *all* courage and strength for the fight,
> Lest the ship in the haven yet perish.
> The *tiger* is crouching. Ye young men awake!
> Ye old men arouse! My countrymen, break
> From the slumbers of death which you cherish."

Up then! will you not, and investigate this subject, and see if you cannot do something to put this system away from us? The "*nine* months law" in our own state, involves the whole question of slavery, and virtually gives it sanction; for no good reason can be shown, why, if one man, by the laws of New-York may hold his fellow man as a beast for that length of time, he may not do it for nine times nine months, and so on forever. The organic law of our state, is another offering we have made to slavery, and is a deep disgrace to a people—whose loudest boast is, that they are *democratic*. What democracy is there, in making an individual's governmental privileges depend upon the color of his skin? It is the veriest absurdity, and must be done away before New-York *will be* what she claims to be. There can be but little doubt, that with proper exertions on our part, these objectionable features in our laws, can be abolished during this session of the legislature. Who will not put forth all his influence for the accomplishment of so desirable an object?

Slavery, and the slave trade in the District of Columbia present a spectacle of moral turpitude, unequalled in Christian or heathen lands. How long shall it continue? How long shall the clanking of the slaves' chains, mingle with the voices of your own representatives, as they make their boast of human liberty? How long shall the wailings of undelivered humanity, fall upon your ears like the tolling of the bell of Judgment? How long shall the soil of the Capital, "so fair and free," quiver with the heavy tread of the land pirate, as he drags the victim of his ruthless tyranny to the auction block, and from thence to the slave prison? How long shall the "Robber right" prevail within *your own* constitutional jurisdiction? How long shall your petitions be disregarded, and yourselves made the jest and by-word of those whose education has been amid the influences of slavery? It is for *you* to say. The *power* is yours. It will be of avail, *when* you shall say. This *monster* is not easily dislodged. Ten years of hard labor ought to have taught us so. If we conquer, it must be by stern, energetic action. The groans of the slave are daily being registered in heaven, and his tears are all bottled up. Fellow-citizens, will you not arise? Look upon the blighting, withering influence of such a system upon the slaveholder, the slave, ourselves, our children, our children's children—upon our politics, our religion, our social and domestic intercourse—and last, not least, upon our *character abroad*, and then say, how long it shall continue. Our lives are gliding by, like a weaver's shuttle, and the time drawing near, when our accounts are all to be balanced by an infallible hand. The hour of death is an "honest hour." Then, memory, (however long she may have been steeping herself in forgetfulness,) lashed into activity by conscience—that stern monitor of the Deity, runs over the deeds of a *life* with terrific rapidity. We shall not forget the slave, then. Nature will then be true to her holiest instincts, and proclaim her sympathy with her kind. As we desire peace upon a dying bed, let us not, while living, forget man, for he that forgetteth man, forgetteth the image of his Maker. O, then, let us not falter. Let no obstacle daunt us, no opposition dishearten us; but let our voices, "loud as old ocean's roar," be heard pleading for the down-trodden of our race, until the clanking of the chains shall no more be heard within the limits of our mighty land. That time *will* come, and who will not speed it? The spirit of freedom has gone abroad, and neither conferences, congresses, nor general assemblies, can arrest her march.

> "Let them bind, if they will, the swift clouds as they run—
> The storm bolt, the whirlwind, the tempest of hail—
> Turn back the red light to its home in the sun—
> Stay the ruin that rides on the wings of the gale—
> But they never shall bind with a tyrant's command,
> The spirit of freedom gone forth in our land;
> Or fetter the truth as she moves through the world,
> With her hand to the sword, and her banner unfurled.
>
> The war cry of Liberty bursts on the car—
> Her legions are charging with fetterless speed—
> Yet not in the strength of the buckler and spear,
> Or the prancing in pride, of the iron hooped steed;
> The weapon of Death are flung down to the sod,
> And the Truth in its pureness, made mighty by God,
> To trample he minions of error in dust,
> Is our vanguard, our rereward, our strength and our trust."

In this shal we conquer. The day is coming, when every man shall situnder his own vine and his own fig tree, with none to molet him or make him afraid—when Slavery shall be drive far, far away from their dwellings, and the loud acclaim a it bursts from the lips of millions, shall declare that Manis free.

From the Journal of Commerce.

The Amistad.

The Washington Globe of the 7th inst. contains an article, entitled, "*A bref review of some of the points of the L'Amistad and the principles involved.*" And the Washington correspondent of the Journal of Commerce, of a subsequent date, has ascribed the authorship of that *Review*, to one of the distinguished individuals who has the confidence of the people, sanctioning his name and public acts. Whether this allusion be right or wrong, may be quite immaterial to the present *answer*. It is neither the *author* nor the *name* thus connected with the subject, but the *principles involved*, which have induced this *reply*.

There is indeed no small share of tact and talent displayed in the management of the subject, by the author, but the mind of one in the habit of critical observation cannot fail to discover, that this talent consists very much in the assumption of facts, and the evasion of principles. It is no difficult task to prove an argument, where we can choose the premises, or assume the facts. To convince a man of reflection, by reason and argument, there must be no false assuming of facts—no perversion of truth—no misstatement of evidence—no missapplication of authority. Lay out of the question the great name associated with this *Review*, and we shall find but little difficulty in stripping the argument of its power. By correcting the misstatements and missapplications of authority; let this be done, and the Review, by whosesoever pen it may have been produced, will cease to astonish us.

Before proceeding to do this, it may not be wholly improper to invite the attention of the reader to the principal point upon which the case turned in the Court below.

There were, as it now appears, from an examination of that decision, several very important facts proved in the most incontrovertible manner, that must of necessity be taken into consideration, and accompany the case wherever it goes; and our present purpose is, to mark those facts in such an indelible manner, that they must attach themselves to the *review* likewise. They belong to the case—they make part of it; and truth and justice cannot, and will not be satisfied, unless they are boldly stated. There must be no mistake here. These then are the facts. These negroes of the Amistad were *born free*—were stolen from Africa—kidnapped—and brought away in 1839; nominally landed in a bye place on the island of Cuba, under the cover of darkness, to avoid detection. The vessel in which they were brought, was never entered in any port. They were locked up in a baracoon ten days, when Don Pedro Montez and Don Jose Ruiz, *knowing all these facts*, purchased them. The law of Spain then prohibited the importation of Africans, *on penalty of death*—it also declared that such imported Africans *should be free*. All this they knew also. Fraudulently contriving to evade this law, they fabricated names for these negroes.

Don Pedro Montez had three little girls in his possession known by the following names, *Tema*, *Kagne*, and *Margue*, all African names, and he changed them to Juan, Francisca, and Josefa, all Spanish names. Don Jose Ruiz did the same by all his. Then both procured from the authorities in Havana certain *false* and *fraudulent permits* or *manifests*, calling them by these false names, assumed for that purpose, and superadding in both cases that they were *Ladenos*. This term means that the negroes were proper subjects for slaves, and were in fact such. If these Spaniards had not resorted to *this fraud*, they could not have shipped the negroes. The authorities of Cuba could not have given permits for them. Bozal negroes, those who had been just imported, could not be sold there, nor shipped.

Hence the necessity of perpetrating this fraud in the outset. The law of Spain, since 1820, has been well known to the whole world, and is as binding as our own law prohibiting the importation of slaves since 1808. These purchasers knew this also.

Such are the important facts, most amply established on the trial in the District Court. In the face of this record, the *Reviewer* commences his attack by stating the following assumption. "The facts of the case seem to be, that the Amistad is a Spanish vessel, and was regularly cleared from Havana, in Cuba, to Guanajah, another Spanish port. Her papers were all regular, and signed by proper officers. Her cargo consisted of merchandise and slaves, was duly manifested as belonging to Don Jose Ruiz and Don Pedro Montez."

In connection with this quotation we make another, where the same statement is repeated in the following language: "In this case the negroes were all particularly named in the permit and clearance, given to Montez and Ruiz, who held them as property in Havana, and the vessel and her port of destination all described and properly authenticated by the regal officers in Cuba. These facts are not questioned."

These two quotations put together, must prove one of two positions. Either that the *Reviewer* has never read the decision of the District Court, or that, if he has *read* it, he does not understand the decision. These facts were not only there questioned, but disproved altogether. For instance, how stands this assertion in the Review. "*The papers were all regular.*" This, throughout the whole case, is *denied*. These *papers* were shown to be *irregular, false* and *fraudulent*. They contain false and forged names—false designations. Montez and Ruiz were parties to that fraud—They perpetrate it themselves, and then use the government officers as mere instruments to cover up the fraud. Suppose one man assumes another man's name, or a false name, and goes before a magistrate and makes oath to a deposition, and presents this paper, with the certificate of the magistrate, will that certificate cover up the *perjury*? Yes, says the Review, you must not go behind the paper! This is a solemn act of a public officer!

So are deeds and sealed bonds solemn instruments; and although it is a general principle that you cannot inquire into their consideration, yet when fraud becomes attached to the instrument, and when you visit the person claiming under that deed, with the fraud, then you may break up the seal, and go behind the paper.

To apply this well established doctrine to the Amistad case, Montez and Ruiz perpetrate an enormous fraud, in obtaining these papers—they are not only parties to the papers, but direct parties to, and perpetrators of, the fraud contained in them. Now what do these men want us to do? The Review has spoken out for them. They want our Court so to construe the treaty of 1795, as to *protect* them in this *fraud*—so as to allow them, in virtue of this fraud, to hold *free men* as their slaves! when, but for this known fraud, they could not, for one moment, have the semblance of claim any where. But go a little further. It is again asserted "these negroes were all particularly named; named in the permit and clearance." By "*particularly named*" we understand the *Reviewer* to say that they were *truly named*. Nothing else can be understood by the use of that term. Now what is the fact? Look to these papers, and there you find the false names, and the false designations of Ladenos. This is a wanton perversion of the case, especially when it is re-affirrd, at the close of the statement, that "*these facts are unquestioned.*" Whereas the decision proceeds upon the gund, that these papers were *not regular*—that the negroes were not *particularly named*—but were falsely named, and the papers were fraudulent and irregular. How is it posible that any intelligent individual should so mistake facts and principles?

To bring this fraud nger home still, it may be added, that, had not these namesbeen changed and the term "Ladino" used, instead of Bols, Capt. Ferrer could never have received these negroes on board his schooner. Who did this? Not the officers, the parties in interest, Montez and Ruiz, for the purposof carrying out upon the innocent the effects of this fraud.

Is it indeed so, that iniity like this shall be covered up by the forms of law? Dthese false and fraudulent papers constitute such an impregible fortress, that a Court cannot pass it? If this be so, "to the shame of the law and the law-makers be it said." Whoever asserts this, asserts that which savors more of prejdice and narrow bigotry, than of "sound law."

But it is not thus. The law never was any such instrument, even in the hands of tyranny itself. It will not tolerate iniquity. *Sound law* does never allow *fraud* or *forgery*, whether of *papers* or names, to obstruct the current of justice. Rather would we see that current flow on, and in its course, sweep away all the barriers which fraud and falsehood can interpose.

The claim is simply this: A Spanish vessel being about to sail from one port to another, two individuals bring on board, 54 men born free—made free by their own laws—and present with them a set of papers, which they have procured to be made, all *false and fraudulent*, from beginning to end. Thus far they may have succeeded, and these free men are put in chains. But afterwards, by the Providence of God, the case comes hither, and these 54 men assert their right to freedom. They prove their birth—they prove that they have been stolen—kidnapped; they show the law of Spain which declares them free, and pronounces death on those who have kidnapped them. They have done all that the law requires, and if the case were to stop here, every voice would be for liberty. But following on in their train, come two Spaniards, who say they wish to hold these men as slaves for life, because they have purchased them from their kidnappers. They follow these men into a Court of Justice, and then for the first time is presented their title deed. It is executed in Spain—it is signed by the Governor General of Cuba. But on the face of that title deed, is the impress of fraud. Every word and line in it is false. Who made it so? Not the Governor General, but these very claimants who come into our Courts to assert their rights under this deed. The whole circumstances of fraud are here developed—proved—established; and now all the right they can possibly urge, rests on their own fraudulent operations. Take away the frauds they themselves have committed, and these men could never have been shipped, and would not have been here. What is now to be done to satisfy this demand? Through fraud and falsehood, transfer these freemen to slaves! Monstrous proposition. The law of the whole world is against it. A man born free, and *stolen* is in law still free, and all the fraud in the universe cannot change his position. Go where he will, he is free. In America—in England—yes, in Spain Slaves! Are these men the slaves of Montez and Ruiz; and how, and when, were they made slaves? When stolen in Africa and chained there, they were freemen. There was no law of the ocean to change their condition. When they were clandestinely landed, "afar off" from any port, in Cuba, marched down and locked up in the Baracoons, did that make them slaves? They slept ten nights on the shores of Cuba, and for ten days they breathed the air of Spain, and sat under her scorching sun; will the *Reviewer* say this made them slaves? No. There is still more to be done. Americans may do all this, and still be free. The laws of Spain are read, and those are plain in the declaration of their freedom. What proof is that which must now be adopted by Ruiz and Montez, that *they* may enjoy dominion over these men forever, and transmit them as goods and chattels to their children?

Here it is. "Regular papers." Now names "*particularly mentioned*" in the manifests. They must all be designated as *Ladinos*. *This is the process*, and it is very easily done. It is only the work of an hour, and the cost of a few doubloons. It must all be false and fraudulent, and then we have good slaves made out of free men! These *regular papers* must live forever, and go along with these new made slaves, and if perchance they should fall into an American Court, they are so strong—so high—so impenetrable and so well sustained and guarded by fraud, that this American Court can never go behind them!

The Reviewer says they are slaves—and we say no.—Here then we differ. One says a false and fraudulent manifest makes slaves; and the other says not. One says that the treaty of 1795 construes these false papers into true ones; and the other maintains, that such a claim is an absurdity. One says that false and fraudulent papers are *regular* papers, and the other says they are false and fraudulent still. This is where we differ. Call something good that is not. Make that true which is false. Permit the perpetrators of fraud to benefit themselves by their own deep-laid schemes. The argument of the *Review* thus maintained, may be ingenious, but it is, nevertheless, unsound. It has not the credit of being new. The late lamented Attorney General put forth the same argument, and the substance of both appears to be his, "we cannot go behind these Spanish papers."

Advancing this astract proposition, they are obliged to follow it out in all its consequences. They must be made to say, that these papers possess the power of concealing all frauds which can be committed on the other side of them. That falsehood does indeed exercise so much control over matters and things, that it can change wrong into right.

The Supreme Curt are now called upon to do this. But suppose we examie the source of this doctrine, and see what authority can be found to maintain it. The Attorney General and the review both place their reliance upon an opinion pronounced by one of the Judges of the Supreme Court. The following language taken from that opinion is quoted by the review.

"In 6th Peters, 29. Whenever jurisdiction is delegated to a public officer, and confined only to his discretion, all acts within that discretion are to be recognized as binding, and this is true wether the act be judicial, legislative, or executive."

Here the quotatin stops, and here stop it must, to make out the case attempted to be proved. If the learned author of the review had gne on with the Judge, and quoted the residue of the sentnce, he would have done that Judge much better justice and evinced to the public a much greater degree of impatiality in the investigation of the principles involved. The Reviewer did best to stop short of this, for had he proceeded a few lines further, he would have overturned his whole argument—thwarted his whole purpose, and convicted himself of *unsoundness* as a lawyer. Our business will now be, to furnish the residue of the Reviewer's authority, and here the reader is invited to go back to the last quotation from Judge Baldwin's opinion and read the rest of the paragaph, which I will here quote verbatim, and connect them together. Here it is: "The only questions which can arise between an individual claiming a right under the acts done, and the public, or any person denying its validity, are powe in the officer and fraud in the party. All other questions are settled by the decision made, or act done by the tribunal or officer, whether executive, legislative or judicial." This is the authority and the whole authority. The Reviewer reads a part to sustain his argument, and the balance is now produced for its overthrow.

There are other authorities which might be brought, but, for the present, it will be sufficient to let *this* do its own work.

We pass to another broad assertion, found in the review. That injustice may not be done, we quote the precise language of our author

"If these had been white men, under a Spanish flag, regularly cleared from a Spanish port, there would have been no sympathy for them; on the contrary, the cry would have been, *let them be given up.*"

Is this the law, and would this have been the cry? Ponder upon it, reader "Let them be given up." Fellow citizens, let us put his to the test.

Suppose, as the review says, these men had been white men—Irishmen, Setchmen, French, English, or Americans, instead of Africans and they had been stolen from their own native soil—carried for a few days or a few hours, so that they might "snuf the air" of Spain, and then had been thrown upon our sores, would you give them up?—would you raise your cry for Montez and Ruiz, and give them up as slaves for life? Or would you not in candor say, that the treaty of '95 could embrace no one but such as was in law a slave? Answer me this question. Does any man hesitate what this answer should be, we will then say, that there is no court in the civilized world who would give them up. On the other hand, every *sound lawyer* would join in the judgment, the shall not be given up. Fiction, falsehood and fraud, cannot make slaves of white men. But if we adopt the reasning of the review, we must say that the treaty of '95 would compel us to give up even these white men, in the case supposed. There is no court, cabinet, or lawyer in this country, who can long maintain such doctrines. The treaty imposes no such obligation. It never was adopted by either government, to sanction fraud glaring as this must be.

The Reviewer has been quite as unfortunate in his solution of another case, upon which to build his argument. It is the case from St Croix. Great reliance is placed on Mr. Wirt's opinion in that case. Pub. Doc. H. R. No. 119, pp. 67, 68.

How unlike is that case! A slave had been smuggled on board a ship at St. Croix, where slavery was tolerated by the laws of Denmark, and was brought into New-York. He was claimed, and that claim was sustained by the proof that the person was by law a slave. He had not been kidnapped or stolen, as these Amistad negroes had been. He was born a slave under the laws that made him such, and Mr Wirt's opinion gave him up.

Now if the Reviewer had examined another part of the Amistad case, he might have found a decree which gave up Antonio to the Spanish minister, on the ground that the treaty did embrace *him*, because he was born a slave in Cuba. There is no difference of opinion then between Mr. Wirt and the District Court of Connecticut. Had the mind of Mr. Wirt been called to the examination of a case like the one now on trial at Washington, where the men were in fact *free*, or where they were white men in the condition supposed by the review, his opinion would have sanctioned no such construction of the treaty as is now desired by the review.

Next comes the case of the Antelope, 10th of Wheaton. From this authority, our author finds great strength and abundant support. When the name of Judge Marshall is appended to authority, we may not stop to examine the case. But in the present instance, the principles involved, are marked with such essential difference, we deny its applicability. In the Antelope there is nothing that impairs the determination in this case. Did the *Reviewer* know, or did he not, that the negroes of the Antelope were imported from Africa in 1819, when it was lawful for Spain to do so, from all parts of Africa south of the equator; and as it was not known on that trial, from whence those negroes were brought, the legal inference was, that they came from "south of the equator." This made the importation lawful in that case, and constitutes the great distinction between that case and this. The Spanish decree went into full operation in 1820, the year after those negroes of the Antelope were brought in, and of course could not reach that case. The restoration was rightful, because the negroes were lawful slaves; but when the Amistad negroes were stolen in 1839, the prohibitory decree was in full force, both sides of the equator. This law was as well known in 1840, when the Amistad case was tried, as our own constitution. It was also legally proved, and will be, before the Supreme Court. This being the case, the authority of the Antelope fails to aid the argument we are examining. Nay, it disproves it. Judge Marshall never did decree a restoration of persons as slaves unless it was first shown or admitted, they were lawful slaves. Thus far we have examined the *review*, and the property question under the treaty.

Before dismissing the subject, we must be permitted to glance briefly to that part which seems to maintain that they should be surrendered as assassins. We had supposed that question had been settled by the cabinet. When Mr. Forsyth is instructed by the President to send for these negroes, that communication discloses the only purpose for which they are to be sent in the Grampus to Cuba, "that they may prove the truth of their allegation, that they are not slaves." Although the ministry did ask for them as assassins, yet the President did not, in this document, assent to that demand. That ought to have satisfied the most eager, that they could not be given up as assassins.

To render the matter intelligible, we will quote again from the *review*. "In this particular case, there was great excitement in favor of the negroes, although they had committed insurrection and murder, and if they had been white instead of black, and constituted a crew of any vessel, with regular papers, (as in this case) they would have been instantly handed over for mutiny or perhaps piracy!" This is indeed a broad assertion! But it is not law. It savors more of tyranny than law. These men, have *they* committed mutiny, murder, or piracy? It is not every resistance of authority that constitutes mutiny. The authority exerted must be lawful. It is not every killing that is murder. Murder is the killing with malice aforethought. This was killing in self-defence, excusable or justifiable. These men were stolen, and were about to be made slaves for life; may they not lawfully resist? Answer this question for yourself, white man. Why should they be handed over for piracy?

[From the Liberator.

Letter from Gerrit Smith to Dr. Channing.

PETERBORO', Dec. 29, 1840.

REV. DR. W. E. CHANNING:

MY DEAR SIR—You were very kind to send me a copy of your 'Emancipation'—a little book, which will do good service to the cause of the slave. That portion of your readers who disdain to read what your fellow-abolitionists write, and who take for truth the gross misrepresentations about West India emancipation, which they see in the more time-serving than truth-loving newspapers of our country, will now learn what you think of such emancipation.—They, who measure the blessings of new-born West India liberty by the standard of commercial profit or loss, will feel their narrow and sordid mindedness rebuked, when they hear you tell them that coffee and sugar are not the great end of civilized society. They will, I trust, begin to think, when they see your authority for it, that the recent multiplication and increase of schools and churches in the British West India Islands, and the recent immeasurable advance in the domestic purity and comforts of the laborers of those islands, tell more in favor of the doctrine of impartial and universal liberty, than a falling off in any or all crops could possibly tell against it.

I thank you, in the name of humanity, for saying, that 'the sugar of Cuba comes to us drenched with human blood;' and I thank you, in the name of consistency, as well as humanity, for adding, that 'so we ought to see it, and turn from it with loathing.' It is difficult to explain, why so many intelligent and warm-hearted abolitionists continue insensible to the inconsistency and inhumanity of their consumption of the tear-bedewed and blood-stained productions of the southern States. In refraining from these productions, the abolitionists would do ten fold more than all they have ever done for the overthrow of slavery. The fact, that the inconsistency and inhumanity here spoken of broke in upon my sight, even whilst I was in the fogs of colonization, makes it the more surprising to me, that they should escape the discernment of a clarified and healthy abolition vision.

I scarcely need say, that I desire with yourself, that our present narrow sects be swallowed up;' and that, with yourself, I value 'the principles with which the abolitionists started,' because there is in those principles 'a struggling of the human mind toward Christian Union.'—Oh for the speedy annihilation of all christian sects and parties—every one of which, even the purest, is a rival to, instead of being identical with Christianity! Oh for the speedy resteration of that Heaven-instituted visible church, from which no regenerated believer in Jesus, think, or say, or do, what he will, is excluded!

Nothing so much as religious sectarianism obstructs the way of moral reform: and if our anti-slavery enterprise prove a failure, it will be chiefly because our principal religious sects would not suffer it to succeed. These sects constitute the strongest pillars of American slavery: and I have increasing fears that it will not fall until they fall. I admit, that these sects comprise a very large amount of genuine piety; and that the moral world could ill afford to be deprived of so considerable a share of its salt. I nevertheless do not hesitate to make the remark, infidel although it may seem in the eyes of many, that were all the religion of this land, the good, bad, and mixed, to be this day blotted out, there would remain as much ground, as there now is, to hope for the speedy termination of American slavery. French slavery is in a rapid progress of abolition. Why? I will not answer unqualifiedly, that it is so because France is infidel. But, I will answer, that it is so because she is infidel, rather than divided into religious sects, which, like the principal religious sects of our own country, feel it to be their interest to wink at and sanction slavery. French slavery cannot withstand an infidel civilization; and American slavery also would fall before the free play of such a power. No one will suppose, from these remarks, that I set civilization above our holy religion. Under the power of Christianity, real, not nominal Christianity—slavery would disappear as surely and as rapidly, as the darkness of night before the rising day. Nor will any one suppose that I look upon a civilization, which, though it is called infidel, has nevertheless been measurably moulded by Christian truth, as one, in character, with a civilization, such as that of Greece or Rome.

In France, there is little religion, either for good or for evil. In America, there is enough of a kind of religion to sanctify and uphold the grossest and guiltiest abominations. In our country, a religion, spurious because pro-slavery, and pro-slavery because sectarian, has gone far to suffocate and displace humanity; and hence is it, that institutions and usages, which simple humanity, which the mere instincts of manhood, would be sufficient to overcome, still exist in all their abominableness. That corruption-steeped human nature in France should refuse to be reconciled to slavery, argues not only the loathsomeness of slavery, but the spuriousness of that religion, which sanctions and sustains the evil amongst ourselves. I have said, that the religion in question is pro-slavery, because sectarian. Who, for a moment, doubts that it is the Presbyterian party spirit, the Methodist party spirit, and the party spirit of other religious denominations, which induce the great body of the professing Christians of the free States to extend over slavery that ecclesiastical shield, which is as ample as the monster it protects, and well nigh as impenetrable as the far famed ægis of Jupiter. Who, for a moment, believes, that these professing Christians, were their paramount concern for our common Christianity instead of a sect, would consent to bow down their backs to the vile load, which slavery compels the abject slave of sect to carry.

I may, my dear Sir, as well say it as feel it, that I stand in more or less doubt of the ultimate fidelity of every abolitionist, who clings to sect. Not even those men of God, Orange Scott and Le Roy Sunderland, have as yet given all the assurance I desire, that they will never forsake the slave. Do I doubt the endurance of their love for the slave, because its genuineness or the sincerity of their love to God is at all questionable! Oh no: I would that my own heart were as warm toward the slave, and the God of the slave, as I believe theirs are. I fear for these dear brethren, only because it is manifest that there is no escaping the issue, which is already made up between the claims of sect and the claims of the crushed poor—only because they are still in the snare of sect—only because it still remains to be seen, whether they will, as I have very little doubt they will, show themselves capable, by the grace of God, of following the beautiful and glorious example of their Methodist brother George Storrs, and laying even so dear an idol as sectarianism on the altar of the anti-slavery cause.

I thank you, from the bottom of my heart, for repeating your testimony against the forcible return of fugitive slaves. 'The man at the North, who, instead of taking these poor sacred and affrighted ones to his bosom, and shedding over them the tears of his pity and love, can contribute to replunge them into slavery, is morally dead—twice dead—plucked up by the roots.'

There are two or three expressions in your letter, which, if you will pardon me the frankness of saying so, will, I fear, be turned to bad account. I fear that some of your readers will infer from these expressions, that you are willing to have abolitionists cast their votes for pro-slavery candidates for law makers, for candidates who, if elected, will not labor for the repeal of those slave laws, which lie within the range of their constitutional powers. To have it believed, that you are in favor of pro-slavery voting—in favor of voting for slaveholders, and the champions and excusers of slavery—would, in my judgment, be an evil overbalancing all you have ever done, and that is much, in aid of the cause of emancipation. But you are in favor of no such thing. You are only afraid, that abolitionists endanger the purity and power of their principles by forming an abolition political party—and so am I. You would only, perhaps, have them refrain from the polls, and rely solely on the exertion of moral influence:—and neither on this point would I contend with you. All aids of the anti-slavery cause, save those of moral influence, I value comparatively little. But the great mass of abolitionists think it their privilege and duty to vote. Now, all I ask for them is the surely but moderate and reasonable concession to them of their right to vote for those, who, they believe, will, if elected, be true to the slave. But it is denied, that the concession of this right is a virtual concession of their right to nominate their own candidates. I, however, believe that it is. I believe that our national parties, ecclesiastical as well as political, must, from the very nature of the case, be pro-slavery, whilst the system of American slavery endures:—and that, therefore, for abolitionists to look to the candidates of either the whig or democratic party for men, that will prove faithful to the cause of liberty, is to expect that such candidates will violate the understanding on which the South enters, and, without which, she would not enter, into a national party—the understanding, that such party shall not assail American slavery.—You, however, make an admission, as broad as I need, when you say, 'Slavery, whilst it continues, must secretly, if not openly, determine the character of parties.'

For my own part, I have no confidence in the endurance of the abolition of any man, who is determined to cling to, and go along with any one of our national parties, whether they be in Church or State. His abolition will fall before the temptation of serving the Whig, or Presbyterian, or some other national party. Why did so good a man as Edward N. Kirk move to shut out the slave from the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church? The solution is, that Mr. Kirk belongs to the national Presbyterian party; and that he could not consent to give the slave a hearing at so great an expense as the breaking up of that party. Why did so good men as Wm. Slade and Seth M. Gates vote for a slaveholder for Speaker? Because they would have been condemned for faithlessness to the national whig party, had they done otherwise.

In my judgment, there are but two courses for abolitionists in the matter of voting. One of these is to refrain from the polls, where conscience requires it; and the other is, to nominate their own candidates—and these candidates to be men, who will prefer serving the slave to continuing in connexion with national pro-slavery parties. They who take the former course, will happily be clear of the snares and perils of politics—whilst they who prefer the latter, and go into the arena of political strife, will, I admit, stand in especial need of the admonitions and prayers of their brethren.

The voting abolitionists, who honored themselves and their cause at the late election, were those, who, whether they cast scattering votes, or votes in concert, cast them for abolitionists. And the abolitionists, who, on that occasion, dishonored themselves and deeply wounded their cause, were those who voted pro-slavery tickets. If they and all other abolitionists can be kept fro committing this crime hereafter, I shall be relieved of y great concern on the point of political action. The qution, whether abolitionists shall give scattering or unite votes for abolitionists, and the question, whether they all go to or stay away from the polls, are questions whi have never disturbed my feelings.

With great regard,
fraternally yours,
GERR' SMITH.

Lecture by Gen. Gaines and Mrs. G. Gaines.

OUT OF PLACE.—The citizens of New-Yk have been greeted with the unwelcome sight of another female orator. Gen. Gaines and his lady, at their late visit the city, gave each a lecture, on Saturday evening last, the Tabernacle, which were repeated on Monday. The object of the lecture of the General was a system of naval defence; that of his *lady*, the horrors of war. If M. Gaines had borne the unfortunate appellative of Abby Hley, it is probable her exertions would have been rewarded with insult and injury; as it was, the inheritess of twelve millns gained only the pity of the thousands whom curiosty had ghered. Of the lectures considered as intellectual efforts, ie less that is said the better. But the attempt of the *lay*, in thus assuming a station for which there was and could be neither moral or physical aptitude, to brave the salutary iggestions of a correct public taste, and to thwart the obious designs of Providence, it was painful to witness, an greatly to be hoped, will not prove successful. *It is nowoman's place.* Reason as we may on general abstractionithere is an unavoidable perception, in every cultivated c pious mind, of its utter impropriety. God did not so design it. The peace and order of society, the purity an delicacy of domestic life, the true usefulness of womas exertions, and the loveliness of woman's character, all depnd upon the existence of feelings and sentiments that canot endure the exposure of such public efforts. We are are that nothing would be gained by subverting the usages of society which now interdict them. Woman's talents—ad they are great—can find more appropriate and effectual channels of influence than from the pulpit or the platfor.—*N. Y. Evan.*

The editor of the New-York Sun makes the following characteristic remarks:

On Saturday evening the Broadway Tabernacle was crowded by a concourse of people, drawn together chiefly, we presume, out of curiosity excited by the announcement that Gen. Gaines *and his lady* would both deliver lectures before the New-York Lyceum. The exhibition, if not instructive, was at least novel and amusing.

The General appeared in full uniform. The subject of his lecture was a system of national defence. He proposes the construction of several lines of rail-roads, to radiate from the central States of Kentucky and Tennessee, to the most important points on the coast and frontiers. In connection with these, he proposes a system of floating batteries for the defence of the coast. The batteries are to be manœuvred by means of steam tow-boats of great power, and may be so constructed as to fire two broadsides in a minute and a half, throwing eighteen hundred shot in the space of six minutes.

The lecture was interspersed with a great many remarks characteristic of the speaker. To those who know him we need not say that there was a sprinkling of egotism, vanity, and dreadful bad grammar. He handled the king's English as roughly as he did the Indians on the Withlacoochie.

At length the old hero closed, and the great attraction of the evening came forward amidst applause, mingled with a great many broad grins and curious smiles. Her subject was the 'horrors of war.' She apoligised for the profession of her husband on the ground that he always fought on the defensive. She was listened to with attention, and was decidedly the best speaker of the two. The General is a brave man and a good fighter. He had better stick to his trade. Or if he must deliver lectures, he had better let his lady do all the talking. We have the highest respect for both of these distinguished personages, but really think some good friend should tell them, as an act or kindness, that they are out of place. It was very clear that the audience on Saturday evening thought that they were both making themselves somewhat ridiculous. The people may have been mistaken, but they evidently held that opinion.

GEN. GAINES.—Some of the editors are grumbling that the veteran general and his beautiful wife should be going about the country as lecturers. One thinks it derogatory to the character of the army; and another lets out the suspicion, that as generals seem to be the most popular timber from which to make political chieftains, that General Gaines may have some plan of succeeding Old Tip. The old General dressed in full uniform, with epaulettes on his shoulders, and a famous sword by his side, makes rather an imposing pulpit lecturer, and the young widow, his wife, with her elegant yellow feather, is in excellent keeping with her "liege lord," under whose permission and protection alone she says, she would think of speaking in public. There is nothing in what either of them says, which is of the least importance beyond the compositions of children at school. But the whole affair together, is a more regularly built humbug than comes along once in a year, and so every body should go to see it.—*Jour. Com.*

Extract from the Governor of Delaware's Message.

I have received from the governor of Virginia, a printed communication, together with sundry resolutions of the legislature of that state, on the subject of the refusal of the governor of N. Y. to surrender certain fugitives from justice, on the demand of the governor of that commonwealth. The offence with which these fugitives stood charged, and for which they were demanded, was stealing a negro within the jurisdiction of Virginia, the property of a citizen of that commonwealth, and taking him therefrom into the State of New-York. The reasons assigned by the governor of New York for refusing to surrender them, are detailed in the documents on the subject, which accompany this message. They, in substance, amount to this,—that as slavery is not now recognized by the laws of New-York, the stealing a slave is not legally a crime. Thus, resolving the controversy into a question whether slavery is a legal institution, he assumes the negative, and thereon grounds his refusal to accede to the requisition of Virginia.

Though the number of slaves has so far diminished in Delaware, that the habits and feelings of the people, have, in some measure, become assimilated to those of our northern brethren, still slavery has always existed here, and is yet recognized by our laws. In regard to the abstract question, whether it is, or is not a moral or political evil, it is useless for us now to inquire. It is enough for us to know that it has existed in this country from the foundation of the government, and that general consent has sanctioned its legality. The compact between the several states based as it was on mutual concession for the good of the whole union, vouchsafed to each the guardianship of its own rights and interests, and combined a stipulation that the domestic institutions of one should not be interfered with by the others. In this view, I think it properly becomes you, as the representatives of a state in which slaves are regarded as personal property, not only in justice to your constituents, but as an act of comity to Virginia, to inquire whether it is not the duty of the governor of a free state, not only to refrain from an actual disturbance of the existing relation between the master and the slave, but also to protect it by the sanction of his authority, from the unlawful interruption of any of the inhabitants of his own state. At all events, consider it a matter of important inquiry, whether the Constution of the United States is not violated by a refusal on he part of an executive of one state, to surrender a fugitive from the justice of another, because the crime for which he is demanded is not recognized as such by the laws of the tate in which he has taken refuge.

I regret most sincerely, the controversy which exists between New-York and Virginia. Situated as we are, in the same position to the north and south, and participating measurably in the views and sentiments of each our relation to both of these states, whilst it enables us to appreciate the motives which have induced this unhappy conflict of opinion, inspires an anxious desire that it may speedily be reconciled consistently with the interest and honor of these two great and patriotic commonwealths.

I communicate herewith, a letter from he governor of New-York, accompanying the copy of "An act relating to fugitives from justice," which he is desirous may be passed into a law by the several states and territories of the United States.

Recognition of Texas.—The committee of the Anti-slavery Society having transmitted to Lord Plmerston, their resolutions on the subject of the recognitio of Texas, his Lordship has returned the following answer—

"FOREIGN OFFICE, Dec 14th, 1840.

"Sir,—I am directed by Viscount Palmerston to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 7th ins., addressed to his lordship, transmitting a copy of resolutns which the committe of the British and Foreign Anti-lavery Society passed on the 2d inst. expressing their concer that her Majesty's government should have entered into a commercial treaty with Texas, and protesting against te recognition of the independence of that republic by Gret Britain.

"I am, in reply, directed to state to you, hat Lord Palmerston very much regrets that the committe should take this view of the measure which has been sopted by her Majesty's government in regard to Texas, bt that it does not appear to Lord Palmerston, on the one and, that the refusal of Great Britain to conclude a commercial treaty with Texas, would have had any effect in inducing the Texans to abolish slavery within their territory; no on the other hand, that the conclusion of such a treaty ca have the effect of affording the Texans any encouragemnt to continue the condition of slavery as part of their law.

"It may indeed be hoped that the greater intercourse between Great Britain and Texas, which will probably result from this treaty, may have the effect of mitigating, rather than of aggravating the evils arising out of te legal existence of slavery in that republic.

"Lord Palmerston desires me to mention that you appear to be under a misapprehension as to the tate of the relations between Great Britain and Hayti inasmuch as Great Britain has actually concluded a treay with Hayti, as an independent state; and I have the satisfaction to acquaint you, that the specific object and purpos of that treaty is the suppression of the slave trade.

"I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

"LEVESON.

"To J. H. Tradfield, Esq. Secretary to the Anti-Slavery Society."

Proceedings of the Le Roy Convention.

CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.)

Letter from J. Blanchard.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 29, 1840.

To J. C. HATHAWAY:

DEAR SIR—Unable to attend the Le Roy Convention, as invited by your committee, I send, at your request, what I think of a third, or abolition political party. I have incidentally adverted to the "third party" in a newspaper article which I herewith send. If you print any part of my remarks, you will see the importance of publishing the whole.

[The committee regret to say that the newspaper article was not received.]

I have no objection to its being urged upon abolitionists, or rather upon Americans, to withhold their votes from men who are guilty of any open vice, like slaveholding, drunkenness, duelling, etc. I expect, myself, to act upon this general rule. Yet, if Henry Clay had given the public full reason to believe that he would use his office to destroy slavery in the District, and the trade in slaves between the states, I would have voted for Henry Clay, had he been the candidate, in place of Harrison, at the last election; even though I knew his opposition to slavery was merely political, and he had still retained a slave in his kitchen.

This shows just where I differ from such brethren as call it a "violation of principle"—"recreancy to the slave"—"throwing away the Bible"—"pro-slavery voting," ect., etc., to vote, under any circumstances, for a slaveholder I do not consider voting for a slaveholder, like fraud, lying, or adultery, necessarily sin.

I believe every christian voter is bound, by his fear of God, on the day of election, to use his suffrage in such a way as he thinks will tend most to establish righteousness and holiness in the earth. To do this, he must withhold his support from the known abettors of sin and iniquity.—Yet I believe, for the reasons given elsewhere, (see Gazette) [Gazette was not received] that in a case like that supposed, of Mr. Clay, a man might vote for a slaveholder and be sinless. Whether he could innocently have voted for Harison or not, it is of no use to contend now.

I must confess, that, with you, (though sorely disgusted with the conduct of leading Whigs) I was not pleased with the third party movement. The improper haste, and severe denunciations of some of its friends, against its opposers, reminded me of a small sect of christians in Pennsylvania, who founded what they deemed and called, the true "CHURCH OF GOD." After a few years, their founder adopted the practice of *immersion*; and, within six months, some of the immersed insisted that the non-immersed were on the broad way to perdition, though the said non-immersed had been members, in full, of their true "Church of God" from its foundation. We were all alike abolitionists up to the Albany nominations. I hold myself one now.

I do not consider myself competent, being no politician, to judge of the best mode of bringing out candidates to represent anti-slavery sentiments. But my mind still strongly inclines against a thorough political party organization. It will be well nigh as difficult to force the community into an organization upon one principle, as to force a crowd across a stream upon a single timber.

Neither can you cut out a set of principles from books or newspapers, on which to construct a party. In our bad world, parties are built upon interests, rather than principles. And it will be so, til men fear and obey God. Then there will be no party.

If I had any advice to give in the case, I think I should urge last-resort-nominations for all local elections; leaving the two political parties (for there will ever be two such parties under some names,) to select candidates acceptable to abolitionists if they will, but nominating third candidates if they will not. By forcing our principles in this way, there will shortly be a body of men in every legislature, and in Congress, who will stand by each other, and always act together on the slavery question. Shortly, men of little moral principle, and much leisure, would do all our caucusing for us. But I fear a fully organized abolition party, though made up of the conscience of the nation, would soon, through the mere difficulty of steering along upon one principle (viz. anti-slavery) soon sell itself to the corrupting embraces of one of the political parties, for the price of a majority; and thus bring the whole cause into disgrace. It is with a party, as with a man: if he sets up a pretence of principle where nothing but sound policy is called for, circumstances will shortly force him to act upon the very policy he condemned in others; and that man's influence over the consciences of his neighbors, is forever done. He is despised, and justly. Such I fear will be the end of an abolition political party, built upon the principle (as it will be declared) that every honest man is in conscience bound to vote for its candidates. I fully believe such a party, so constructed, will shortly have candidates which no honest man should vote for; and then comes crimination, and recrimination,—abolitionists condemning the candidates, and the party denouncing abolitionists as recreant; till the very name of *sin* will lose its meaning. When once this scheme has failed, it has failed forever. A broken political party can no more go back and take up its lost *moral* power over the conscience of this nation, than the prostitute, who has forgotten the sensation of virtue, can resume her virgin power over the heart. The political anti-masonic party had all the argument, interest, justice and righteousness of the nation on their side. Yet they are not. And masonry is bold and unblushing, in this city and the surrounding country. It grows and feels no rebukes.

The grand argument for a political abolition party, is this: "*We must have candidates of our own nominating, for we cannot trust abolitionists, even when nominated by others.*"

Now if I believed this, I should despair of abolishing slavery till Christ reigns on the earth; but I do not believe it. I believe that the truth, with God's spirit, can not only make men vote according to their conscience, but even *make slaveholders give up their slaves*, just as much as I believe it made Judas give up his silver; and *that too, while their hearts are yet unrenewed!* Nothing can resist conscience!

But if I believed otherwise, I would not embark in a third political party. For I am as much opposed to one sin, as I am to another. And the hope of making men go right, by party drill, which men would go wrong, having the same light and motive, without the drill, has not charms enough for me, to induce me to spend one day of my short life to bring it about. It would be no gain to the amount of true holiness on earth. Much less would I spend, or advise any to spend, weeks and months and years, in caucusing for such an end.

These are my views of the policy of a distinct abolition political party. On the contrary, if we use last-resort-nominations, and press the truth with patience, labor, and prayer, God will hear us. There is no doubt but we shall be fully represented in every law-making body. There will soon be twelve or fifteen men in Congress to stand by the side of Slade; and we shall soon, without subjecting ourselves to the corrupting, tempting power of political caucusing, see this blessed cause making rapid strides to that universal dominion over mind, which God has ordained to it.

These are my views of what is wisest and best to be done. But if the mass of abolitionists see fit to go into a distinct political organization, I am sure I shall neither grieve nor contend. I shall cheerfully submit to it as a providence of God, just as I do to all other conduct of men which I consider unwise.

A firm, consistent, God-fearing abolitionist in the Whig or Democratic party, is able to accomplish as much as ten out of it. When he differs from his party, they will know he is *conscientious*. But my great objection to the present "*third party*," lies against the *principle* on which it is built. If this principle is a false one, it must change it or fall.

That principle I take to be this:—"*That every one who votes for an officer, who, he knows, will support slavery by his official acts, is guilty, personally, of those official sins.*"

The "National Committee of Correspondence," appointed by the Convention which nominated Birney and Earle, assume this principle throughout their late eloquent and most stirring address. Thus they pray:

"May our *most merciful Father forgive* our erring brethren"! viz. those who voted for Harrison and Tyler. And again: "O! forgive all who have voted that this mother's groans, and her child's cry, shall yet for four years more, ascend from this blood-stained land, that a Tyler may rule."

Now if they had only committed a mistake, they need not forgiveness, but light. It may have been bad policy to vote against Mr. Van Buren, but, if all who did so, need God's forgiveness for it, then they all sinned. This, so far as I know, or have read, is the common sentiment of the party. Hence, the phrase so common—"pro-slavery voters," "violating principle," etc. etc.

Now if their principle be correct, I must call before my church, for expulsion, every brother who votes for any one who will sin in his official acts; and expel him if he does not repent. For, if it be a sin, it is open, and, by force of its bad example, scandalous. If I believed this principle, I *would* expel such members or be expelled myself.

But God has not left me to believe it. I believe it is profaning the name "*sin*," a word which God has consecrated to those acts which his "soul abhorreth." And the surest way to break down a nation's morality, is, to apply the worst names you can get, to practices which are not the worst.—The boy cried "wolf, wolf!" at every hare he saw, till his cries ceased to alarm, and the fold was sacked. I never can—and, God being my aid, I never will aid or abet a political party which holds that whoever does not vote for its candidates, is, therefor, a sinner against God, till I see a generation of perfect men!

I cannot join or encourage any organization which I know will, and must eventually take back its principles and eat its own words!

An oppressed minority are always in danger of this: of taking grounds which, in a majority, would be violence and oppression This is because their present weakness hides the tendency of their own principles from their eyes.—Take an instance.

Lauderdale besought Charles II. to establish the Presbytery in Scotland. The jolly monarch replied, that "it was not a religion for a gentleman, and he could not allow it in Scotland." Their clergy deposed, their churches wrenched from them, the Presbyters fled to worship in the ravine and jungle, by morass and mountain. Says the historian—

"The inhabitants of the western counties rose in arms, to the number of two thousand, and renewed the covenant. They conducted themselves at first, in a harmless, inoffensive manner, committing no violence, and they published a manifesto, professing loyalty, and submission; desiring only the re-establishment of Presbytery, and their former clergy."

Yet many of these Covenanters, driven to madness by oppression, "came to think every thing lawful for the support of their godly cause." A party of them, influenced by the hope of doing an acceptable service to Heaven, waylaid the cruel Archbishop Sharpe; and, after firing into his coach, despatched him with many wounds. And this was the simple carrying out of their principles, derived from the text, "He that ruleth must be just;" which they applied thus: "By the law of God, the ungodly have no right to rule; *and we are the godly.*" The killing was the then fashion of enforcing just principles. And "did not Samuel hew Agag in pieces before the Lord?" It was these same principles, which led Donald Cargyl, with no fellow clergyman by him, hid in the woods, to expel from the Church, and devote to the devil, the crowned prince, and the nation, except his own little flock. And upon the same principle, some (not all) of the Covenanters in America, treat the U. S. Government in the same way. If I am capable of understanding it, the same principle is avowed by leading third-party Abolitionists, assumed by their National Committee:—"That the voter who supports a corrupt man, even to avoid a worse, is guilty of his official sins. He who cannot lawfully be voted for, cannot, by the law of God, hold office." In short, "*None but the godly can lawfully rule,* AND WE ARE THE GODLY!" The only practice consistent with this faith, is, to withdraw from all unregenerate men.

Yours, in love to our brethren
who differ from us,
J. BLANCHARD.

Letter from N. P. Rogers.

CONCORD, January 1, 1841.

DEAR FRIEND J. C. HATHAWAY,

I send you a heartfelt line or two, to be laid before your Convention of the 6th,—and first, let me wish you and the Cause "a happy new year." This I cannot only wish, but *hope*, and *confidently expect*. To whom can the year promise happiness, if not to the anti-slavery laborer, in a land borne down to the water's edge with politics, sectarism (which is religious politics) and slaveholding! I can wish nobody a happy new year, but the abolitionist, and whether he will *have* it or not, depends on his fidelity to the cause.

It is attempted to give our movement the form and action of a Political Party. In the free and rampant West, it stands exposed to take this direction, more than in the stern old Puritan East. Everything takes a more public, out-of-door—*vox populi* sort of turn there, than with us. You are all *vent* and *safety valve* there. As fast as your steam generates, it goes off into the wide atmosphere. We generate it more slowly, but we keep it pent, or let it off only, *on the wheel*. Your anti-slavery and every thing else partakes of the peculiar character of your daring, adventurous David Crockett region. You are New England expanded and let loose. We are New England condensed and harnessed. I think we can keep the anti-slavery movement clear of that universal moral catastrophe, *the polls*—that maelstrom whereon every moral movement of the country wrecks, and down whose throat it goes to the bottom, with more *consistency* than you can at the West. I hope we shall be able to preserve the anti-slavery ship from it, both East and West. But it remains to be seen.

I want to make politics instrumental and useful to the overthrow of slavery. In order to this we must keep it, as I think, subservient to the moral aspect of our movement. Politics must be *servant* and *handmaid* to our enterprise, and not master. Its tendency and habit in this country, is to become master. Anti-slavery, in my belief, cannot serve under it, and live. Politics is a tyrant, and its servants must be slaves, and accordingly we find them all such. Our politicians are all unprincipled, time-serving men. They are statesmen, (all who have ability for it) diplomatists, popularity-hunters. They cannot regard humanity, or respect human rights, as anti-slavery does, and must.

Aside from the doctrine that slaveholding is illegal already, and needs therefore no legislation or political remedy, it seems clear to me that such legislation or political remedy must be *preceded* by a *moral reform* of the people. As the people are now, they will not legislate against slavery. It will do no sort of good, it seems to me, to give our handful of anti-slavery spirits a political shape. And is not that all that the third party scheme can promise? Is not embodying its handful strength to a political shape of 6 or 8 thousand strong, all it purposes? Will that, I ask, give it any potency as an anti-slavery instrumentality? Will it add to the moral, reformatory efficiency of the individuals? Will it have a tendency to dispose the mass of the country, which lies embodied and embedded in the two great political parties, favorably towards anti-slavery, so as to induce them to wield the legislative power of the country in furtherance of it? It seems to me—*not*. Will not anti-slavery political embodiment excite the jealousy and hate of the members of the political parties towards anti-slavery itself? Can individual Whigs and Van Buren men look at it so impartially as they could in a position of mere moral character, aloof from party which they both feel to be guilt, when in lucid intervals and free of its excitement, as the drunkard regards drinking in his intervals of sobriety.

The people of this country have a morbid estimation of political party agency. They think nothing can be achieved without it. They deem it as absolutely essential as our country husbandry did *rum in hay time*, before the temperance reform. The old farmers deemed it a *sine qua non*. They deemed rum as essential to hay-making as sunshine; and, my dear brother, I deem rum as essential now to hay-making and harvesting and good farming, as I do politics in the anti-slavery enterprise. I mean in political party shape.

Our people love politics as intemperance loves rum. It is an indulgence. It involves no moral principle, but rather exempts us from it. Political party *dont have to be moral*. We run into it as christianity did into armed instrumentality under Constantine the Great, when he substituted the Cross for his heathen eagles, as the Roman banner. We want to give anti-slavery the respectable, the forcible, the domineering power of the elective influence. We want to put down slavery by the strong hand, and in the respectable attitude of a political party. But let us remember that, be the character of political instrumentality what it may, it is powerless and contemptible without *numbers*, and numbers it has not got, and cannot get by party action. The way to win numbers from the two pro-slavery parties, where the numbers lay, is to reach their consciences by the force of preaching. Why, I ask, should we attempt to *exercise* political power, before *we have got it?*

But I aver again and again that slavery is an immorality and a sin. It is not a legality—Law did not originate it.—It crept into the country in defiance of law, like duelling, gambling, drunkenness and other crimes—only it has grown so great as to defy law, and demand that politicians accommodate their legislation to its insolent convenience. It now regulates Law. It overawes Law. It controls politics—it settles elections. It has given us a President, although, as I think, anti-slavery proper, by keeping itself free from party, has acquired strength enough to frighten the country out of nominating a slaveholder for President. Still both parties attempted to soothe slaveholding by the nomination of Vice-President. But however this may be, I contend, as an abolitionist, that anti-slavery is a MORAL ENTERPRISE.—That Slavery is a MORAL disease and evil.—That it demands a MORAL remedy.—That no other can reach it.—That the moral remedy can.—That the great and sustaining pillar of the system, is, the church—and the northern church.—That the northern meeting-house is its Sanctuary, and whatever may be the character of our politics, slavery cannot be abolished while our religion tolerates it, and sustains it. The politics of christendom is against the foreign slave trade, but the Religion of christendom is in favor of slavery, and the trade flourishes.

The northern meeting-house is Slavery's Sanctuary. Instead of being the House of Prayer, *in this behalf*, they have made it a den of thieves. Let us turn our attention to this Sanctuary then, and with the small cords of Christian Truth, scourge it out. Denied a refuge here, the uncouth monster will never be able to hide himself in the Halls of State, from the indignation of an awakened People. Rout him from the *Church* then, if you would eradicate him from the *State*, or from the Land. I would say to our Western friends, in earnest faithfulness and simplicity, avoid politics except as an incident, and cleave to moral agency as your *Herculean anti-slavery specific.*

Your Brother in the war,
N. P. ROGERS

Letter from J. N. T. Tucker.

APULIA, December 29, 1840.

To J. C. Hathaway, et. al. Committee, &c.

GENTLEMEN:—I have before me your very kind invitation to attend a convention of the friends of the slave and of liberty, to be held at Le Roy, on the sixth and seventh proximo.

Brethren—I should, gladly, were it in my power, consistently with other duties, embrace the opportunity that convention will afford, of mingling my prayers and feeble exhortations in efforts to bring the mighty cause of emancipation commandingly before this apostate and proud nation, with those of you with whom I have heretofore mingled in times and places not to be forgotten. Such are my present views and feelings on the subject, that, while it is not consistent for me to be with you, yet I do desire (and the more so, I assure you, to gratify your wishes,) to say a few things in relation to the "third party scheme." Gentlemen, this is, in my opinion, a grave and important question. It is so, because it, like other questions relating to *practical* abolition, will determine our *actions* erewhile. And according to our actions in this matter are *we* to be held responsible.

To my mind, now, as formerly, it appears satisfactory, that there must be, in order to secure the ultimate triumph of the cause of emancipation, *some form* of political action. There appears to me a necessity for bringing the question up in some form, from year to year, before the minds of the people, (if for no other reason) that it may not be forgotten, that, while the nation is striving, by every system of administration to effect permanent systems of finance, there ought also to be *due attention* paid to the *corner stone* of that government whose superstructure is deemed so important. Men should not be suffered to forget that, while they are scrambling for their peculiar parties, and systems, reforms, improvements, experiments, &c. *in* the government, there is at the vitals a *death-worm*, whose ravages will continually come in contact with their plans, however wise and efficient they may be. For, if slavery exerted no influence whatever upon our domestic relations, yet such is her utter irreconcilability with the fundamental principles of our government, that she cannot long exist among us without having palsied our whole system. No government can progress far with elements so warring as are the elements of *liberty* and *slavery*—or *republicanism* and *despotism*. And no system of reform, for the good of "the people," can be far felt or realized while the channels of communication are corrupted and poisoned by the issuings of a fountain of despotism under its very head—nay, *in its very heart!* And, by some means, the "people" have need of bringing the principles of reform to the root of the evil, and removing it from its soil. To do this we must use the ballot-box. We must tell this slavery-cursed nation thereby, that the laws which direct the wheels of despotism in our republic are wrong, and must be changed. And we must seek to get such an expression of this fact before the people as will secure unanimous action. But *how!* is now, among abolitionists, the question. Shall it be by "third party," or *no party!* by this measure, or that!

I am frank in confessing that such is, at the present time, the feeling of the anti-slavery host on this subject, and such are the diversities of sentiment in relation to the policy of action among wiser men than myself, that I feel a degree of embarrassment in giving you an exhibition of my views. One reason of my embarrassment is, the measurable neutrality of my position. A position which it is not often my fortune to occupy in matters of reform. Yet I presume, when the views of the two general classes of abolitionists are fully brought out and explained, there will be a tendency to some point nearer my own than to either of what, by *some exhibitions* of principles, &c. on both sides, now appears to be the grounds of the "third party," or "no third party" abolitionists. My opinion, brethren, is, that we are indeed one *party:* and that such should, if possible, be our course, that the slavocrats of the nation shall *feel* that we are *one*, INVINCIBLY ONE. One, not by any rules of arbitrary *party* appliances, but by a common, mutual principle of love for the slave, and love of liberty. So zealous am I of the nature and tendency of party organizations, in the midst of, or by brethren of *one interest*, lest they become (like all precedents on record) corrupted by their affiliances, despotic by their triumphs, and arbitrary in their measures, that I have desired under all circumstances to be free from their yokes. In politics my views are the same that they are in religion, on this point. In both cases I think the fraternal bond is the spirit of love and mercy. One common object, and one common interest should excite in each, all action. Yet our mutuality of interest in no case, in my humble view, can warrant us in merging our conscience, our responsibility, our individual obligation, to act according to our own views of what God requires of us. For this reason I cannot admit the Divine right of uninspired men to decide, by *majorities* or *minorities*, what are the duties I *shall* owe under coming circumstances, or *do* owe at present to God and man. There is ONE who claims the right of this decision, and to HIM, I accord it, cheerfully, and seek his direction. I wish however, here to say, that I am far from believing that it is either wise or right for brethren, possessing one common interest, and governed by one common object, to avoid endeavors to effect *concert in action*. Philosophy will teach us, that "union is strength," and the more general the concert, the more extensive execution, generally. Abolitionists, do much need mutual intercourse, and consultation, and if this be enjoyed, and freedom of thought and action be tolerated, while our various interests and duties are discussed—and plans of action recommended, I think we shall be far more likely to come together upon some general system of operations, than to endeavor to carry our various points by mere numerical strength. And instead of seeking to carry our particular views of measures among ourselves, by force of party numbers, I think we should do well to seek to *carry all*, by the force of plain, incontrovertable *fact* and *argument*. This course, leaves every mind free to act according to the dictates of enlightened conscience, and avoids the jealousies and strifes which often spring up among us and which induce men to vote and act with a favorite party under the stimulous of selfish objects.

What I have here said, I trust will not be construed to be opposition to *independent nominations*, (whenever needed,) nor to opposition to all *laudable* efforts to secure the success of such nominations. Such nominations, abolitionists will often need to make, and ought, in my estimation to stand ready to make, and unanimously support, when made *unless their convictions of duty* (created by some disqualification, or some like cause, in relation to the nominee) *forbid*—and I must here, as frankly as I speak other things, say, that I think, some, who are not in favor of third party, have acted unwisely in advising abolitionists to withhold their votes, from candidates nominated by the third party. It is not in my opinion, sufficient cause of withholding our support from men of deserved confidence, and acknowledged qualifications, that *he is a third party man*, or nominated by the third party. And by advising to withhold support, we may, and *do* (if for the reason above) act as exclusively and dictatorially, as if we demanded the shibboleth of any other standard. I have feared

allies will drive every respectable citizen to the side of good order and bleeding humanity.

Since my return from R. I., I have been trying to arouse the people in the eastern part of Connecticut to engage in our humane and benevolent enterprise, with very great success. I have now associated with me a "SOUTHERN CHATTEL," who gives an interesting account of himself, and "Slavery as it is"—thus occupying nearly an hour every evening, and leaving me to close up. We have held fifteen meetings during the past twelve days, from three to four hours in length. Our audiences have been large, to overflowing, regardless of fog, rain, mud, or snow; and opposers are laying down their opposition, and coming over to Abolition by scores, while the friends are awakened to renewed zeal and effort. In Woodstock, we have held ten meetings, and the whole town is awake to the subject of slavery. In this town, we obtained twenty-one subscribers for the Standard. We are doing up the work after the old fashioned Anti-Slavery style. We furthermore are able to give a practicable rebuke to the anti-Christian, proscriptive, and cruel prejudice against color, and the hue and cry about "incapacity" of colored people. Having nothing to do with politics, and the third political party, we can "wield the sword of the spirit" with effect, and without having its power neutralized by the objection, "you are making a political thing of your abolition!"

Yours, E. D. H

The Canada Mission.

MR. EDITOR,—Looking over the columns of a late number of your paper, my attention was arrested by an article upon the so called *Canada Mission*; and it was not a little gratifying to see that a spirit of inquiry was being raised upon the subject. A more specious humbug was never attempted to be imposed upon the public. A feeling of indignation, or of deep regret, cannot but be excited to see the good cause of abolition at a time when it most needs all the support that can be given it, assailed at once by internal dissension, and the selfishness of designing men. The people of this country are informed that no inconsiderable portion of the colored refugees in Canada, both in regard of intelligence, and self-respect, highly disapprove of the *Canada Mission*. First, because it seeks to withdraw funds from that quarter, where pecuniary aid is most needed; and secondly, because it misrepresents their real condition, by holding them up to the world as a *population of beggars*,—most discreditable circumstance, when contrasted with the reputation the colored people in the West Indies have acquired for themselves. In the "World's Convention," by the side of the Rev. Mr. Knibb, boasting that amongst his congregation there is not a single pauper, stand Messrs. Fuller and Leicester, detailing the most tiresome accounts of Hiram Wilson's adventures amongst the poverty-stricken colored people of Upper Canada, equally destitute of schools, religious instruction, and the very necessaries of life.

If the American colored people, living under the same government, with their fellow subjects in the West Indies in the enjoyment of good health, strong muscles, a most productive soil, and recently government grants of land, fail to "take care of themselves"; then are they deserving rather of the reprehension, than of the countenance or sympathy of their abolition friends! The assertion is destitute of truth. There is no class of emigrants on the continent of America, in more comfortable circumstances, than are the colored people of Upper Canada. Many of them, who, within the last seven years, came into the country without a sixpence to call their own, are now owners of houses—on farms—leaseland, and employed as tradesmen, and in their little shops.

To represent that they are at all in the circumstances of HEATHEN, is equally unfounded in truth. Religious instruction is as accessible to them in Canada, as to white persons in these United States, or elsewhere in America. And as for schools, of which there are a number spread throughout the Province, under the pay of government, into all of them, from King's College, down to the common Lancasterian school, they are admitted on the same terms as white persons. There can be no difficulty on this head as the government is pledged to admit of no distinction in the education of youth.

It is not to be doubted, however, that the American prejudice against color, as well as many other American influences, is felt in Canada, but these are to be overcome so far as they weigh upon the colored people, by bringing the law to bear upon them, and not by receding before them. This course has been successfully pursued, and the colored people are sustained in it by the British public.

With regard to the money which has been taken up in England by Messrs. Fuller and Leicester, in the name of the colored people, contrary to their consent and over their heads, even though Mr. Fuller has rung the clear silver in our ears, not a few of us could wish to see it expended in this country, in behalf of Slavery in America, and not of Freedom in Canada.

PETER GALLEGO, U. C.

New-York, Jan. 25th, 1841.

The Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society, to their constituents.

DEAR FRIENDS—Since our appointment in May last, we have labored assiduously in the discharge of the weighty and solemn trust committed to our hands. In conformity with your instructions, we commenced the publication of a weekly paper, the *National Anti-Slavery Standard*, as soon after the last Annual Meeting, as the necessary arrangements could be made therefor; and we have continued its publication to the present time. Notwithstanding the difficulties thrown in our way, by the abstraction of the Emancipator, and the consequent loss to us, of its subscription list, we have succeeded in obtaining about 1600 subscribers, and have the gratification of being able to state, that we receive daily additions to the number. We are encouraged to hope that the injury suffered by the Society, in the loss of its official organ, will soon cease to be sensibly felt. It remains with you, however, to confirm this desirable issue.

We lay before you, a statement of the receipts and expenditures of the Society, since the last Annual Meeting.

There has been received, from all sources, in donations, subscriptions to the Standard, and sales, 3901 80

Paid for printing the Standard and paper,	2453 37	
Paid for printing Annual Report, Address, &c.	198 28	
Paid salaries and travelling expenses,	585 60	
Paid office expenses, including postage, furniture, store, fixtures, mailing of papers, &c.	215 14	
Rent,	234 50	
Books and publications,	200	
		3886 89
		14 91

On account of the low price at which the Standard has been offered for the first year, and the expenses of agency and travelling to procure subscriptions, we have derived but little income from it. Collections for subsequent years, will not be subject to the same drawback. The operations of the Committee, have necessarily been limited—the support of the paper forming their chief object. It is almost superfluous to add, that even in this contracted sphere, they have been subject to continual embarrassment. A vote of the Annual Meeting by which they were appointed, declared that *ten thousand dollars* would be necessary to meet the exigencies of the Committee for the year. Two-thirds of the time has already elapsed, and they have received much less than half that sum. They have been painfully sensible of the embarrassment that has prevailed among their constituents in all parts of the country, and of the extremity to which the anti-slavery press has been reduced—that *right hand* of Freedom, which should never languish,—for which there should ever be a voluntary and ample provision. To say that it has been sustained through labor and sacrifice, such only as the most ardent love of freedom can inspire, is to sum up too briefly, the history of toils, which have seldom been surpassed, and which we believe are *yet* to be blessed, through Providence, by abundant returns.

The general expenditures of the Committee have been regulated by a prudential economy, as must be evident to every mind, from an examination of the account just stated. The annual cost of the Emancipator above all its receipts while it was the Society's organ, was *three thousand dollars*, an amount that will not greatly be exceeded in providing for the Standard, through the first year of its existence. The whole amount of salaries paid to our Secretaries, and publishing agent, is *less than one-fourth* of the salary of one individual Secretary, in former years! The following preamble and resolution has just been passed by the Executive Committee:

"Whereas, the financial concerns of the Committee, are not at present, in a condition to support the Standard, and at the same time to continue the salaries, that have hitherto been paid; and whereas, THE SUPPORT OF THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, is *the paramount interest and duty entrusted to our care*; and whereas, our Secretaries and publishing agent, have manifested their willingness to relinquish for the present, all compensation for their services, if required to do so, by the exigences of the Committee—

Therefore Resolved, That their salaries cease, at this date."

Extracted from the Minutes.

Such is our present condition. We ask you to regard, and weigh it. There needs no impassioned language to convince you of the necessity that prompts us to call for aid. You will be satisfied with this plain statement of facts. We have forborne, to the present time, a general appeal to the liberality of those, who have proved themselves competent to surmount more imposing difficulties, because, sensible of the wide-spread embarrassment of the anti-slavery treasury, we have desired to defer to the latest hour, an extraordinary application. Is it necessary to name the alternative that is before us, if we be not promptly relieved? Shall the official organ of the American Anti-Slavery Society fail to proclaim in the ears of a sleeping and guilty nation, its weekly remonstrance against the basest form of oppression, that tyranny ever devised? We discard the thought. It is unworthy of abolitionists, and unworthy of the sacred cause in which they have enlisted.

Your response, brethren, will find us ready to persevere with courage and cheerfulness, in the service of our common humanity.

Signed, by order of the Executive Committee,

J. S. GIBBONS, Chairman.

THOMAS VAN RENSSELAER, Secretary pro tem.

NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 28, 1841.

A Touch of Republicanism.

We suppose there is no mistake, but that our Congress is the very quintessence of republicanism. The two parties in it rival each other, in their *republican* pretensions. There are your Whig republicans, and your Democratic republicans,—and they do stake their very love of office before the poor, deluded and cheated *population*, on their respective claims to ultra republicanism. We will record here, for the posterity a little ahead of us, a touch of their republicanism, and it is among the strongest symptoms of it the government seat has exhibited for some time past. It occurred in that solemn branch styled the Senate. John C. Calhoun, and Daniel Webster, and Silas Wright, and Henry Clay, and, we believe, Theodore Frelinghuysen, (we really don't know whether he is a member or not,) are among the component parts of the republican body. They all hold to the Declaration of Independence, especially to that part of it which swears to human equality of rights. They were together 4th of January current, in committee of the whole, and among the bills read and ordered to be engrossed, was one to establish a permanent pre-emption system. It was brought forward on motion of Mr. Clay, of Alabama, chairman of the committee on public lands. No objection was made to it. The bill, we suppose, afforded favorable rights of purchasing the public lands, to individuals under certain circumstances; a bill which ought peculiarly to be impartial to all the people of the country. As brought forward and read, it was impartial. Wherefore Mr. Mangum, (a slaveholder, we suppose,) from North Carolina, as we remember, offered an *amendment*—amending the bill of its impartial and upright features, and limiting its benefits to the *privileged* classes of the *republic*. The amendment confined the benefits of the bill to *free white citizens!!* and what said the *Patus Conscripti*, the Roman Senators, to a proposition like this? What did they say to this tyrant of a *man-gum*, on a proposal of such rank injustice! Some one demanded the yeas and nays; evidently with intent to throw the infamy of adopting it off of himself on to whomsoever it might light; and lo! it lighted *on the whole of them!* They all said yea, but one. Yeas 37—nays 1—or *one nays*, says the paper from which we extracted it. That is the estimation in which the United States' Senate holds common justice! They have common honesty as 1 to 37. They are 1-38 honest; a *large* fraction, for a body of politicians. One marvel is how there came to be any *numerator* to the fraction;—that they had not *all* gone *yeas*. The paper from which we extract this intelligence is a *very democratic* periodical, called Hill's New Hampshire Patriot. But with all its democracy, it calmly, and no doubt approvingly, recorded the senatorial fact. O fie upon these senators! You might as well look for soul in a Bank corporation, as for justice in a body of politicians. It is a proverb that corporations have no souls. It might be one, also, that political bodies have no honesty, or humanity. Our third party friends are aiming to turn our anti-slavery movement into *one of these bodies*.

G. F. Horton.

We promised our pleasant-spirited correspondent a further reply to his letter in the Standard of the 24th December. By the way, how pleasant a business it is to encounter a good-natured opponent, who, if he is in an error, is so in nothing but opinion, and will discuss with you with nearly perfect indifference as to how he comes out, so he gets at the truth.

Friend Horton says he voted for Birney because he believed him to be more worthy of his vote than either of the other candidates. In this we should agree perfectly with him. It is not Mr. Birney's want of worthiness, but the want of worthiness in the *movement itself*, that we object to. It is *partyizing* anti-slavery that we object to. It is a prostitution of the enterprise to politics. We want to produce a great *moral effect on this nation*. Will party organization have any tendency to produce it? If we want legislation even, must we not convert the majority to our doctrines before we can embody it to execute our purpose? It went add any potency to a handful of men to draw them up in array, if *numerical* force is all the force they can have. But we don't object to Mr. Birney as the recipient of votes. If either of the parties could be induced to set him up, as one of them would if he belonged to it, provided we could only convince the party that we were faithful to our principles, and held the mere balance of power, we know no man in the nation we should be more willing to see "dressed up in that brief authority." But we find fault with him and his friends for undertaking to give our moral enterprise this *political-party* direction. It puts an end to it. We can't increase our numbers by party actions of this sort.

Our friend says the slaveholder and his apologists would not oppose the spread of abolition principles at the North, did they not see that such a party would, inevitably, spring up. Now, we think it is not apprehension of political party that makes him oppose this spread. It is apprehension that the principles will spread farther, and spread South, that makes him oppose. So said Duff Green. It is the spread of principles they fear. Organizing a political party will check that *spread*. Political party does not spread principles. It stops their spread.

Friend H. says he supposes the Standard wants no political party. We do not, *as abolitionists*. We are content with the two we have got. We can barely endure these. Any more would be an intolerable burden. But they are composed of individuals, many of whom can be converted by truth. Enough of them can be made abolitionists to answer all anti-slavery purposes, if we will ply them with moral truth. "Anti-slavery votes are lectures," says our friend H. Alas, they are not *anti-slavery* lectures, unless so cast as to speak a moral tone. If cast in declaration of devotion to principle only, and not with a view to power or place, they speak loudly. Scattered votes *can* have no ambitious purpose. Mr. Scattering *cannot* be an office-seeker. He can chase a thousand, because he holds the balance of power in his hand, and that balance of power is the *staff* of political *accomplishment*.

Again, says friend H., I am quite sure nothing can weaken my confidence in third-party instrumentality only a conviction that all politics are of the devil. They *may* not be of the devil, and yet be highly *un-anti-slavery*. We can say as much to friend H. on that point as this. We think it is of the devil to make politics the right arm of the anti-slavery enterprise. We can't say the devil has stood up and tempted anti-slavery to number the people. There is not enough of them to answer that sort of purpose in the devil. But there is a purpose with him to organize them so that they shall lose their moral feeling and power.

Friend H. says he is a government man, meaning human government. We can't say in reply that we are a no-human-government man. This is not the place to utter that. But we will say, that it is not in the power of any American human government to liberate the American slave from the clutch of his American owner while 14,000,000 of the people are rotten to the core with pro-slavery.

Friend Horton says he is disposed to scold a little at personal attacks on Mr. Birney. Perhaps we have not always been careful enough to avoid the appearance of this, but friend H. should make some allowance. Friend B. helped turn our two trips across the formidable Atlantic into a wild goose chase, so far as new organization could effect it, in the matter of the "World's Convention"; and he has taken a prominent part in this scheme of new-modelling our beautiful old movement, by robbing it of the moral agency of woman and admitting to its tests what would palsy it as with the touch of the torporific eel. And friend H. must pardon us (and friend Birney, too,) if we, now and then, in our zeal for the cause, forget the courtesies of the assembly room in attempting to defend anti-slavery against these formidable endangerings.

We wish we could satisfy friend Horton of the soundness of these, our anti-party views. We hope, if nothing is in his way, by the by, but thinking all politics are of the devil, that he wont let that hinder him from giving up confidence in the third party movement. We have seen the working of politics a good deal in a small way, and we confess we never saw an instance of it, or of a worker in it, who had for the time being any appearance of being instigated by any other being of the other world but the devil. We don't know how it is in Pennsylvania, but that New Hampshire politics are of the devil we have conclusive evidence. And they look a little like it at Washington.

Political Prospects of New Organization.

There is a fiery little political organ in Boston, styled the Abolitionist, by way of distinction from anti-slavery, that is politicalizing a handful of abolitionists, with all the pomp and parade of an Emperor marshalling his army. It reminds us of a company of militia, that used to come forth, in our boy days, once a year, to swell, with the other neighboring bands, the glories of a general muster. It was a small town they came from, and thinly settled, and afforded scarcely trainers enough for officers. There were several, however, beside drummer and fifer and the men of authority. The story was, that after all officers were chosen, there was but one soldier left, and that he was telling, at general muster, how matters and things went on at company training. He said he could wheel, and march, and countermarch, and shoulder *fullok*, and go through manual exercise, and all that, —but it *wrenched* him *masterly*, he said, when they made him *display columns!*

Now we honor a *moral* corps, however small their numbers. The smaller, indeed, the more honorable. They are a hiding-place of truth and of power. They are "mighty and will prevail." But when paucity of numbers affects a display of *numerical* strength, with lack of moral power, and casts aside all occasion for it, and go as upon *numbers*, and adopts a political party vocabulary, and takes the political field, in solemn, party, form; and when they are pleased to look with contempt on *moral* power, charged with the mission they are assuming to control and to execute, and sneer at it, as having parted with "the staff of accomplishment," because it wont put on a form that demands *numbers* before it can exercise *nominal* power even, then we lose all reverence for *fewness*, and what morally would be *sublime*, politically becomes *ridiculous!* And to vindicate our anti-slavery movement from the imputation of political party, which is attempted to be cast upon it,—we have expressed our disapproval of anti-slavery politics, and censured it as well as we were able. Among other things, we spoke in view of Mr. Birney's directing his name discontinued from the nomination for the Presidency, of his *declining the nomination*, and prophesied the abandonment of the little party movement. The Abolitionist thereupon virtually charges us as not only a false prophet, but a *liar*. To discredit our prophecy, it displays the mighty preparations making for the coming political campaign. It speaks of "nine States" being in motion, and convulsed, as it would seem, with the throes of political preparation. New Hampshire, one of the nine, we have taken pains to inquire about. They had a *grand* State Convention in the capital town, where we live. We published, on request, the call for it. It was as large a *call*, as would have assembled twenty thousand men. The Abolitionist gives the number, who made it, but says not a word about the number who *answered it*, although the pro tem. editor, the Rev. Mr. Torrey, was present and gave the intelligence of the great meeting. *It was attended by less than a baker's dozen!* There were not sixteen, and they met in a little, narrow Jury room, at the Court House, so small that *twelve men* would be likely to *agree* to almost any thing, rather than remain there long huddled together, even in cool weather. And this is the *sum* of the mighty Liberty Party preparations in New Hampshire. *Nine* such amounts of preparation must be *good warrant* for the exultation of our Reverend political friends.

Whether we prophesied truly or not, is not very important, as it regards our reputation as a prophet. We care little about that. Our prophecy was our opinion that the leading new organized politicians had too *much sense* to repeat the nomination. If they nominate again, we shall have to *alter that opinion*. We supposed that Mr. Birney's directing a discontinuance of his name as candidate, was a virtual declining of the honor. It may be that it was a mere withdrawal, to leave the field of *nomination* open to all the country. We are not familiar, of late, with party movements, and do not, so readily as some, apprehend their import, and were probably at fault in deeming Mr. Birney's withdrawal an absolute declining of the crown. But we really did not intend to mislead the nation by false intelligence.

We should not be surprised if this third party movement should result in new organizing and neutralizing many of our anti-slavery ranks; and if it must, so be it. The worst is their own. Our people generally think political party as necessary to freedom, as sect is to religion. They think there is no liberty without party, and no religion without sect, whereas, probably, the direct converse is true. They do not see how they can exist without a party. If they withdraw from the old ones, they are uneasy, lonesome, homesick, till they get a substitute, of the same sort. Hence this third party is a sore temptation. It really presents to them something of the same inducement, that *wine* or *good cider* does to abstainers from grog. They must have stimulus. We do no injustice to either of the great political parties by comparing it with *rum*. Our old organization political action does not seem to afford the requisite stimulus. It is too much like *taking* grog, or alcohol, "*as a medicine*," under the direction of a total-abstinence doctor. It dont content the habitual thirst like using the good creature in the form of *drink*. And third party stands to them in the form of a substitute *drink*. It appeases the party thirst. We may be obliged to adhere to the questioning system, to prevent the discouragement of some of our honest, polls-loving friends—though for one, we wish our friends would trust to moral action altogether. Until they do, we shall be troubled with this perplexity about the use to be made of politics.

Collateral Anti-Slavery.

Many of our former anti-slavery friends are running off from our main enterprise into the incidentals as it were, or the accidents of our movement. Instead of assailing the pro-slavery enemy in old-fashioned style—pushing the general agitation among the people, and endeavoring to achieve for them and in them such an independence of ecclesiastical and other domination, that they may dare think and speak for themselves, and so become active abolitionists,—they are diverging off the track into all manner of details. Some are for making political nominations, from "governor down to pathmaster," if they can muster professed abolitionists enough to equal the candidateships,—running all to *politics*, as *potatoes sometimes* do *to tops*, and turn out no *roots*. Others run to transmuting anti-slavery into "abolition" all about the land, and shifting auxiliaryships of local societies—while others devote their whole anti-slavery profession to the Amistad captives or to Hiram Wilson. Now, we deeply appreciate the labors, the sacrifices, the philanthropy, and the services to humanity of Hiram Wilson. He is the fugitive's Howard. Thanks to Heaven for sending the poor colonists such an angel of mercy. He ought to be the repositary of the entire missionary contribution of at least all the abolitionists of the country: and English philanthropy cannot any where find so deserving a field of consideration as the fugitives from slavery in their province of Canada. Those fugitives ought to have the kindest of attentions, the tenderest care, and the most liberal instruction. But they are not part and parcel of the slave system now. They are not the legitimate proteges now, as it strikes us, of the anti-slavery society. However, we would not be technical. If anti-slavery should now and then make a mistake, and overflow its boundary, we wont complain if it embrace an "extraneous" subject of its charities. Let it enlarge and broaden. But we are amused sometimes to see some of our friends who have got a little at odds with the old enterprise, labor to keep their profession up by running *mainly* into sympathy for Hiram Wilson and the captives of the Amistad. When these poor African brethren get released from the clutches of our precious government, what will our brethren do for subjects of their anti-slavery zeal! Verily these things are all commendable, and ought to have been done; but they ought not to leave anti-slavery undone.

Treatment of Sailors.

I consider nothing foreign from me, which belongs to man, said (in substance) some old Latin classic. We regard nothing we say foreign to the anti-slavery cause, which touches humanity and human rights. We must overthrow slavery by asserting the inalienable rights of humanity.—We must bring the white people of the country (as well as the colored,) to acknowledge human rights in every human creature *as such*, or we wont get the shackles from the slave. We call attention of our readers to the condition, for a moment, of our sea-faring brethren. Those who go down to the sea in ships. We have recently witnessed samples of their state and condition, in two brief trips across the Atlantic. The samples we saw can hardly be called so, because of the extraordinary mildness and sobriety, and humane disposition of one of the commanders we sailed with, and of the fact that the other was a steam-ship, and not much wrought by common sailors—though we discovered some slight symptoms of the despot spirit in the latter. Captain Cropper, of the packet ship Columbus, with whom we sailed to England, is as fine a specimen, we presume, of the *sea captain* as can be found on the ocean. He is one of the finest bodily specimens of humanity that ever trod a deck. We well remember his superb figure as he stood upon the roof of the deck cabin of the Columbus, relieved against the sky as we sat below, as we were leaving the steamer at New-York to go off for England. The embarking seemed to wake up all the gallant seaman within him. His countenance answers to his figure, and he looked with his weather-beaten complexion like a bronze statue of Hercules. He was a total-abstinence man, too, and altho' a Virginian, and the son of a slave-owning mother, his strong natural humanity abhorred the idea of holding a slave. He allowed no strong drink to his men, and shipped them with that understanding—so that there was no drunkenness on his part or theirs, to breed insubordination or barbarity of treatment. We could not say so much for his mates. Mr. Sharpe, the first mate, drank brandy—though with *decent moderation* so far as we saw. But he had the aspect of rigorous severity, and esteemed as idle any influence but *force*. A capital seaman in the ordinary sense of the word, but as *merciful* as *a man of war*, in case of excitement, if we are any judge of aspect and demeanor. Every thing on board that ship was done by peremptory command. Every *verb* used in the working of it was in the *imperative mood*. The sailors were perfect vassals, and were ordered to do every thing with the same courteous ceremony that is practised by a teamster in driving horses—only with this difference: the teamster is conscious of his right to command, and of the willingness and propriety of his beasts' obedience. The commander and driver of the sailor is conscious of the contrary. He knows the obedience is reluctant and there is a savoring of unkindness and force in every command, and it is frequently seasoned in the subaltern driver with profanity. We saw no personal bodily violence on board the Columbus—although friend Wm. Adams could relate enough that took place before we went aboard, to show the truth of a former declaration of ours as to treatment of sailors that so scandalized friend Cannings Fuller. The crew of the Columbus were scarcely above the brutes in demeanor and self-respect—and it was owing to the diabolical system of *sea government*. They trudged along the deck and mounted the ladders with all the implicit and inanimate movement of machinery. It was horrible to us to behold our poor brotherhood so degraded and almost imbruted. Captain Cropper apparently treated them as kindly as he could under the force system—and he acknowledged to us in conversation that he thought, under the contrary system, with a crew of intelligent men, moved by a sense of propriety and duty, half the number would far better manage the ship.—A sailor is not more than half a man—that is, half the man he might be under a humane anti-slavery system of treatment. He is doomed to ignorance, superstition, drunkenness, profanity, debauchery, brutality, as a general thing. He is cast out of the human pale. Father Taylor, the seamen's preacher in Boston, calls him *of the tribe of Zebulun*, and reckons him of a separate race. He is a subject of absolute power. The captain's *will* is his *law*, and this makes a tyrant of the captain. He is under *orders*, as much as a miserable soldier in time of war, with this aggravation, that he can't run away. He comes to think that a *request* is of no effect with him. He must be *commanded*, and it is generally supposed, both by sailor and captain, that he must be "*damned*" as well as ordered before he can do any duty. Now, it is a disgrace to the human family to have such a condition of humanity in it. It is a shame to the whole family, and it ought not to continue. Sea captains can't be abolitionists consistently. They have no respect for humanity, *as such*. They can't respect it in a poor jack-tar—an "old salt," as he is triflingly called. And he is an *old salt*, poor creature! as unfitted for human life as sea brine is for drink. How can we forget him while we are abolishing slavery! We cannot consistently; and no hearty abolitionist who reads our paper will find fault with us for saying it, or can refuse his sympathy with these poor *cast-away*, *wrecked* brethren. How they drift about on the surface of society when they come ashore for awhile. How desolate they feel amid the human crowd. They are home-sick and alone, and have to go to sea. The only thing that seems to care for them or smile upon them, is the ocean. The earth is no longer their mother. They are strangers to her. She expatriates them out upon the deep. And they have no ship. They don't attach themselves to any vessel, and they belong to no crew. They are together only for a voyage, and there is no tie to bind them to each other but the tie of a common outlawry and homelessness. They disperse at the haven, and are picked up by the sea-recruiting officer like fragments of a wreck and shipped under a stranger, and strangers to each other. They have no homes and no families—and their exposure is like the ship's they ride in. They are the sport of the winds and waves—as the old sea song said.

> The sailor is born to all weathers—
> Let the wind blow high—blow low—
> Our duty keeps us to our tethers—
> That way the wind drives we must go.

He may sing it gay, poor fellow, when he is merry with his grog—but nevtheless he feels the keen wind and the drenching wave, and he generally is an old man before the midst of his days. And what a wreck of a creature is a sea captain—a swearing, toping, tyrant, the terrible system always tends to make him. Surely it ought not so to be. There can be no end of degrading sea-faring life. A sailor may be as intligent, as well informed, as capable of self-government, as fit to act *voluntarily* as any other man. A ship may be navigated without tyranny, as well as a plantation carried on without mastery and slavery. Half the hands would be the navigate the ship. They might be paid according to the labor. Not half the ships would be lost—property and and life would be doubly safe—insurance greatly lessened—navigation vastly improved—voyaging rendered safe and pleasant—and oh, the influence of Christendom, as it is called, on the heathen world, compared with what it now is, when moral pestilence and death are wafted on the wings of every vessel that lights on the heathen shore from the land of Bibles. Commerce would gain as much by it, as labor by the abolition of slavery. But the great blessing of the reform would be the deliverance of our brother sailor from the fate that now devours him. The world demands a *reform change* in this thing. The sea demands it, and the land demands it. Humanity demands it—anti-slavery demands it, in aid of her enterprise—Christianity demands it.

The present race of mariners may not be rescued, though many of them might be—other generations may be saved. It occurs to us to mention the barbarous practice of parents sending the children they have ruined, to sea, in revenge for the disgrace they have bought on their families, and for their incorrigible disobedience. The pretence is, they are sent to be cured of their disobedience. But oh, what a *hospital!* We beheld one poor feeble-witted and slender-bodied lad in this condition, on board the Columbus. He was put under the classical tuition of Messrs. Sharp and Nash, mates of the ship. We witnessed their teachings. The discipline was a constant stream of the most insulting ridicule, imposition, threats, oaths, and hard, unwonted service, and especially of the ignominious sort. The teachers were signally faithful to their charge, and they did not monopolize the tuition. The poor sailors, some of them, joined in it, and certain of the genteelest of the passengers. We wish the poor creature's mother could have seen her slender boy, his hands peeled and bloody with handling the rough ropes, and his spirit broken and timid with inundations of violence, that had overwhelmed him. He was put there to be reformed, or to be got rid of, or schooled, or for some such cause. We could not look at the poor wretched boy without the most painful emotions. But no doubt it was all intended, after a sort, for his good by his instructors. They want to make a man of him. The poor fellow hinted that he meant to take lessons under some other masters if he lived to reach Liverpool, which he did, and we trust went almost any where else than where he passed his first *term*. We saw him no more. May the Lord send the spirit of reformation *to sea*. But yet it must be wrought on land. The sailor does not need the reform earliest of all concerned—nor the sea captain. It must be the merchants of the city, the ship owners, the land society, that must repent of their estimation of humanity.

Errata.

Among the errors in the print of friend Fuller's letter, and our notes, week before last, we find one in a note, which, if we do not haste to rectify, our friend may be after us again for slandering the Acadia, and he might with much better ground than we gave him before. The error is this: We, in our haste, charged the Acadia with ten-fold her complement of power. Her enginery, we believe, is 450 horse power, and we called it 4,500! We should, however, wish it 45,000, if we were to undergo the honors of her "SECOND CABIN" again, the width of the Atlantic.—Friend Fuller, by the way, notices that the Liberator does not join us, in our reminiscences of the "British Steerage"—rather insinuating that brother Garrison would not agree with us in recollection. We should not, of course, call any witness to corroborate our own story. If friend F. doubts it, it is for him to call contradictory witness. Brother G. seemed to agree with us, while we were experiencing the passage.

Another error: The word "duly," four lines from the bottom of the column, in our preliminary remarks to friend F.'s letter. It should be drily. And there should be a period, instead of comma, at the close of the Friend's remark, and not a period after the word "mission," first line at top of next column. Another error: Note 18 should be note 19. Another, (our manuscript is too bad,) two lines below figures "16," in friend F.'s letter, "little" should be *tittle*. "A man's a man," &c. should have begun with a capital, and there should have been a period after "passengership" before it. We have to write somewhat upon the run, and in our days of attorneyship had learned to effectually ruin a plain, and, though we say it, a pretty elegant hand. We say this to bespeak the patience of our good friends, who have to set us up in type. We will try to mend our hand moreover.

The Canada Mission.

The letter of Mr. Gallego, in another column, presents this subject in a point of view, so very different from that in which we have hitherto regarded it, that we feel, not a little, at less. It takes us by surprise. We have had several interviews with the writer, who appears to be a gentleman of observation and intelligence. He informs us that friend Fuller collected, while in England, about $1700, and Leicester about $800—that the former sum has not been distributed, because a large proportion of the "refugees," are unwilling to receive it. They do not wish to be regarded as a pauper community, needing the charity of others for their support; and such is the feeling among them, that friend Fuller yet holds the money collected by him, as it cannot, at present, be satisfactorily distributed.

We would know more of this subject. The sympathies of American abolitionists have been appealed to, in behalf of the colonists; and their condition has been represented, as needy and suffering, in many respects. We do not desire to make an unfavorable impression in regard to it, but we call for information. It is a matter, of which abolitionists have a right to be informed. We do not wish to be understood as endorsing the statements of Mr. Gallego, but we ask for the facts of the case, on behalf of those whose benevolence is constantly appealed to for the aid of the colonists of Canada.

National Anti-Slavery Convention.

To the Executive Committee of the American, and such State, and local anti-slavery societies, and such friends of the slave, as deem the formation of the "*Third Party*" unwise, and the philosophy thereof not calculated to carry forward the anti-slavery reform:

BRETHREN AND FRIENDS—The Western New-York Anti-Slavery Convention, held at Le Roy, in Genesee County, on the 6th, 7th and 8th instant, passed a resolution, instructing me as Chairman of the "Western New-York Anti-Slavery Board," to correspond with you relative to the propriety of holding, early in the coming Spring, a *National Convention* of such abolitionists as are not in favor of the "*Third Party*" organization.

To do this expeditiously, and efficiently, I have taken the liberty of addressing you this Circular, and would respectfully urge upon you, an immediate consideration of the subject, and corresponding action.

It would perhaps be as well to communicate the results of your deberations to James S. Gibbons, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society, 143 Nassau-street, New-York, who might be authorized to fix the time and place of holding such Convention, after being thus made acquainted with your views and wishes.

The necessity of such a meeting, must be apparent to all who do not wish to see the most sublime reform which has visited this earth, to bless and elevate man since the advent of the Saviour, swallowed up in a political maelstroom.

Our scattered forces ought to be united—our influence concentrated, and our efforts systematically put forth, for the advancement of those measures which have elevated the cause of freedom in our land, to its present position. To do this, we need to take counsel together, and strengthen each other's hands.

Some of our brethren look upon a political party organization, as *the* great means to carry forward the cause. But those who can discover no reformatory power in such an organization, and are unable to see slavery tremble under the influence of abolition "*Path-masters*," need to put forth renewed energy, to carry forward the enterprise, in its original and Catholic spirit, unencumbered and untrammeled.

To you, it need not be said, that our certainty of ultimate success lies in the truth and glory of the principles which are the foundation of the anti-slavery reform, and which, when unfolded, elucidated, and analyzed, commend themselves to every man's conscience.

> "Up, then, in Freedom's manly part,
> From grey beard eld, to fiery youth,
> And on the nation's naked heart,
> Scatter the living coals of Truth."

There should be a full and free consultation, relative to the *time* and *place* of holding such Convention, and the results communicated to

J. S. GIBBONS,
Chairman of the Executive Com'ee of the Am. A. S. Soc.

J. C. HATHAWAY,
Chairman of the Western N. Y. Anti-Slavery Board.

Farmington, 1 mo. 11, 1841.

Anti-Slavery papers will please copy.

Convention for Western New-York.

A general Convention of the friends of the slave, who are not in favor of the "*Third Party*," will be held at Palmyra, in Wayne County, commencing on the 2d day of next month, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

All who are in favor of carrying forward the cause without a political party, are invited to be present and take part in the deliberations;—all who have not enlisted in the cause, are cordially invited to be there, and see if Freedom has not some claims upon their time, pockets, and influence, in her struggle with slavery.

The slave is still clanking his chains on our soil; the captive is still sighing for freedom, as he toils the live-long day for naught; tyranny still riots, and fattens on human hopes and happiness, in our boasted republic; despotism still lusts on stolen rights, and barters the image of the Eternal for *gold*, and slavery in the pride of her strength, is aiming a deadly blow at our own manhood.

Let all who feel an interest in the prosperity of our country, and in the rights of *universal man*, come forward and strike a united blow for *free principles*.

In behalf of the "Western New-York Anti-Slavery Board."

J. C. HATHAWAY, Chairman.

Farmington, 1 mo. 11, 1841.

The Union Herald and other papers will please copy.

NOTICES.

Manhattan Anti-Slavery Society.

At a meeting of the Board of managers of the Manhattan Anti-slavery Society, held on Monday evening, the 18th inst. it was

Resolved, That discussional weekly meetings be held, on every Monday evening, for the purpose of affording an opportunity to abolitionists to express and to compare opinions on the various means employed to advance the cause of human freedom: and that the widest latitude of debate be allowed to all persons, without distinction of color, class, sect or sex.

The first meeting of this kind will be held on next Monday evening at half past 7 o'clock at the office of the American Anti-slavery Society, No 143 Nassau Street.

Question. Are conventions, based on complexional distinctions, calculated to promote the cause of truth and freedom.

THE MIRROR OF LIBERTY.

The undersigned gratefully acknowledges from the friends of Liberty, as a pledge to sustain the Monthly Mirror of Liberty through the ensuing year, the sum of $250.

The above sum being one half of the amount required in the condition on which this journal is to be issued monthly, I yield to the advice of the friends of the enterprise, that our brethren, who have promised and will perform, shall have an opportunity to furnish the deficiency. The balance of the stock is $250.

What can you pledge towards sustaining the Monthly Mirror? Brethren, what you bid, bid quickly.

Yours, for reform,
DAVID RUGGLES.

N. B. All communications must be post-paid, and addressed to the editor, at 62 Leonard street, New-York.

New-York, January 1st, 1841.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Disgraceful Law.—"The Legislative correspondent of the Milwaukie Sentinel states that the statute book of the young Territory of Wisconsin is disgraced by a law that compels millers to grind for distilleries, and that several who, for conscience sake, have refused, have been prosecuted! Such a law is the more surprising to those who know the general sound character and correct moral sentiment of the population of Wisconsin. The writer in the Sentinel says: "A law so destructive of the liberty of conscience, and odious in itself, should be forever blotted from our statute book, and I am happy to learn that petitions are now pouring in to the legislature for its repeal. From the character of the legislature, I have no doubt but the law will be immediately amended in this particular, so that millers may be at liberty to follow the dictates of their own consciences, and refuse to grind grain for the purpose of distillation, without incurring the penalty of the law."

Murder and Lynching.—The Arkansas Gazette relates the brutal murder of Maj. Thomas E. Clark, of Chittenden county, in that state, by two of his own slaves. The negroes had absconded from his plantation. Maj. Clark went in pursuit of them, in company with Col. James Martin. They became separated in the pursuit, and Maj. Clark came up with the negroes alone, when they attacked him and beat him in the most shocking manner, causing instant death. Col. Martin was within hearing of his cries for help, but before he could reach the spot the foul deed had been fully consummated. Maj. Clark was a native of the state of New-York, and has left a wife and infant child

The Traveller at the Source of the Nile.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

In sunset's light o'er Afric thrown,
A wanderer proudly stood
Beside the well-spring, deep and lone,
Of Egypt's awful flood;
The cradle of that mighty birth,
So long a hidden thing to earth!

He heard its life's first murmuring sound,
A low mysterious tone;
A music sought, but never found,
By kings and warriors gone;
He listened—and his heart beat high—
That was the song of victory!

The rapture of a conqueror's mood
Rush'd burning through his frame—
The depth of that green solitude,
Its torrents could not tame;
Though stillness lay, with eve's last smile—
Round those far fountains of the Nile.

Night came with stars:—across his soul
There swept a sudden change,
E'en at the pilgrim's glorious goal
A shadow dark and strange
Breathed from the thought, so swift to fall
O'er triumph's hour—*and is this all*?

No more than this!—what seem'd it *now*
First by that spring to stand!
A thousand streams of lovelier flow
Bathed his own mountain land!
Whence far o'er waste and ocean track,
Their wild sweet voices called him back.

They called him back to many a glade,
His childhood's haunt of play,
Where brightly through the beechen shade
Their waters glanced away;
They called him with their sounding waves,
Back to his father's hills and graves.

But darkly mingling with the thought
Of each familiar scene,
Rose up a fearful vision, fraught
With all that lay between;
The Arab's lance, the desert's gloom,
The whirling sands, the red simoom!

Where was the glow of power and pride?
The spirit born to roam?
His altered heart within him died
With yearning for his home!
All vainly struggling to repress
That gush of painful tenderness

He wept—the stars of Afric's heaven
Behold his bursting tears,
E'en on that spot where fate had given
The meed of toiling years!
—Oh, happiness! how far we flee
Thine own sweet paths in search of thee!

Epitaph.

The following beautiful lines, from the pen of *Thomas Moore*, are inscribed on a Tomb-stone erected in the Church Yard of Cheadle, in Staffordshire, to the memory of his friend Joseph Atkinson, Esq., of Melfield, in the county of Dublin, who died whilst on a visit in that vicinity, a few years ago:—

If ever lot was prosperously cast,
If ever life was like the lengthened flow
Of some sweet music—sweetness to the last,
'Twas his, who mourned by many, sleeps below.

The sunny temper, bright where all is strife,
The simple heart that mocks at worldly wiles;
Light wit that plays along the calm of life,
And stirs its languid surface into smiles.

Pure charity that comes not in a shower,
Sudden and loud, oppressing what it feeds;
But like the dew, with grateful silent power,
Felt in the bloom it leaves among the meads.

The happy grateful spirit that improves,
And brightens every gift by fortune given—
That wanders where it will with those it loves,
Makes every place a home, and home a heaven.

All these were his—Oh! thou who read'st this stone,
When for thyself—thy children—to the sky
Thou humbly prayest—ask this boon alone,
That ye like him may live—like him may die.

The March of Mind.

BY MISS MITFORD.

Fair Nature smiled in all her bowers,
But man, that master-work of God,
Unconscious of his latent powers,
The tangled forest trod:
Without a hope, without an aim,
Beyond the sloth's, the tiger's life,
His only pleasure sleep or strife,
And war his only fame.

Furious alike and causeless beam'd
His lasting hate, his transient love;
And e'en the mother's fondness seem'd
The instinct of the dove.
The mental world was wrapt in night:
Though some, the diamonds of the mine,
Burst through the shrouding gloom, to shine
With self-emitted light!

Oh, mark the glorious dawn unfold
The brighter day that lurk'd behind!
The march of armies may be told,
But not the March of Mind.
Instruction! child of Heaven and Earth,
As heat expands the vernal flower,
So Wisdom, Goodness, Freedom, Power,
From thee derive their birth.

From thee, all mortal bliss we draw;
From thee, Religion's blessed fruit;
From thee, the good of social law,
And man redeem'd from brute;
From thee, all ties to Virtue dear,
The father's, brother's, husband's name;
From thee, the sweet and holy fame
That never cost a tear.

A Sonnet.

BY THOMAS RUSSELL.

Too long, alas! through life's tempestuous tide
Heedless of Heaven, my giddy course I steer'd,
Link'd with the scoffing crew, nor aught rever'd
Great Nature's God: such erring dreams belied
My fancy, swoln with unsubstantial pride:
While, uglier far than have been feign'd or fear'd,
Ten thousand phantoms to my sight appear'd,
And drew me darkling far from truth aside.
But vigorous now, with eagle-ken restor'd,
By nobler means aiming at nobler ends,
To the mild bosom of its saving Lord,
Elate with ardent hope, my soul ascends,
While o'er the dreadful gulf, yet unexplor'd,
Religion's golden sun its evening-beam extends.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Chapter from the Hour and the Man.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

WAITING SUPPER.

The nights of August are, in St. Domingo, the hottest of the year. The winds then cease to befriend the panting inhabitants; and while the thermometer stands at 90°, there is no ready breeze, as during the preceding months of summer. Light puffs of wind now and then fan the brow of the negro, and relieve for an instant the oppression of the European settler; but they are gone as soon as come, and seem only to have left the heat more intolerable than before.

Of these sultry evenings, one of the sultriest was the 22d of August, 1791. This was one of five days appointed for rejoicings in the town of Cap Français; festivities among the Freeth and Creole inhabitants, who were as ready to rejoice on appointed occasions as the dullness of colonial life renders natural, but who would have been yet more lively than they were if the date of their festival had been in January or May. There was no choice as to the date, however. They were governed in regard to their celebrations by what happened at Paris; and never had the proceedings of the mother country been so important to the colony as now.

During the preceding year, the white proprietors of St. Domingo, who had hailed with loud voices the revolutionary doctrines before which royalty had begun to succumb in France, were astonished to find their cries of Liberty and Equality adopted by some who had no business with such ideas and words. The mulatto proprietors and merchants of the island innocently understood the words according to their commonly received meaning, and expected an equal share with the whites in the representation of the colony, in the distribution of its offices, and in the civil rights of its inhabitants generally. These rights having been denied by the whites to the freeborn mulattoes, with every possible manifestation of contempt and dislike, an effort had been made to wring from the whites by force what they would not grant to reason, and an ill-principled and ill-managed revolt had taken place in the preceding October, headed by Vincent Ogé and his brother, sons of the proprietress of a coffee plantation a few miles from Cap Français. These young men were executed under circumstances of great barbarity. Their sufferings were as seed sown in the warm bosoms of their companions and adherents, to spring up in due season in a harvest of vigorous revenge. The whites suspected this, and were as anxious as their dusky neighbors to obtain the friendship and sanction of the revolutionary government at home. That government was fluctuating in its principles and in its counsels; it favored now one party, and now the other; and on the arrival of its messengers at the ports of the colony, there ensued sometimes the loud boastings of the whites, and sometimes quiet, knowing smiles and whispered congratulations among the depressed section of the inhabitants.

The cruelties inflicted on Vincent Ogé had interested many influential persons in Paris in the cause of the mulattoes. Great zeal was exercised in attempting to put them in a condition to protect themselves by equal laws, and thus to restrain the tyranny of the whites. The Abbe Gregoire pleaded for them in the National Assembly; and on the 15th of March was passed the celebrated decree which gave the mulattoes the privileges of French citizens, even to the enjoyment of the suffrage, and to the possession of seats in the parochial and colonial assemblies. To Europeans there appears nothing extraordinary in the admission to these civil functions of free-born persons, many of whom were wealthy and many educated; but to the whites of St. Domingo the decree was only less tremendous than the rush of the hurricane.

It arrived at Cap Francais on the 30th of June, and the tidings presently spread. At first, no one believed them but the mulattoes. When it was no longer possible to doubt; when the words of Robespierre passed from mouth to mouth, till even the nuns told them to one another in the convent garden, "Perish the colonies rather than sacrifice one iota of our principles!" the whites trampled the national cockade under their feet in the streets, countermanded their orders for the fête of the 14th of July (as they now declined taking the civic oath), and proposed to one another to offer their colony and their allegiance to England.

They found means, however, to gratify their love of power and their class-hatred by means short of treason. They tried disobedience first, as the milder method. The governor of the colony, Blanchelande, promised that, when the decree should reach him officially, he would neglect it, and all applications from any quarter to have it enforced. This set all right. Blanchelande was pronounced a sensible and patriotic man. The gentlemen shook hands warmly with him at every turn; the ladies made deep and significant courtesies wherever they met him; the boys taught their little negroes to huzza at the name of Blanchelande; and the little girls called him a dear creature. In order to lose no time in showing that they meant to make laws for their own colony out of their own heads, and no others, the white gentry hastened on the election of deputies for a new General Colonial Assembly. The deputies were elected, and met, to the number of one hundred and seventy-six, at Léogane, in the southern region of the island, so early as the 9th of August. After exchanging greetings and vows of fidelity to their class-interests under the name of patriotism, they adjourned their assembly to the 25th, when they were to meet at Cap Français. It was desirable to hold their very important session in the most important place in the colony, the centre of intelligence, the focus of news from Europe, and the spot where they had first sympathized with the ungrateful government at home, by hoisting with their own white hands, the cap of liberty, and shouting so that the world might hear, "Liberty and Equality!" "Down with Tyranny!"

By the 20th the deputies were congregated at Cap Français; and daily till the great 25th were they seen to confer together in coteries in the shady piazzas, or in the Jesuit's Walk, in the morning, and to dine together in parties in the afternoon, admitting friends and well-wishers to these tavern dinners. Each day till the 24th was to be a fête day in the town and neighborhood; and of these days the hot 22d was one.

Among these friends and well-wishers were the whites upon all the plantations in the neighborhood of the town. There was scarcely an estate in the Plaine du Nord, or on the mountain steeps which overlooked the cape, town and bay, on all sides but the north, which did not furnish guests to these dinners. The proprietors their bailiffs, the clergy, the magistrates, might ill be seen along the roads in the cool of the morning; and there was a holyday air about the estates they left behind. The negroes were left for this week to do their work pretty much as they liked, or to do none at all. There was little time to think of them and of ordinary business, when there were the mulattoes to be ostentatiously insulted, and the mother country to be defied. So the negroes slept at noon and danced at night during these few August days, and even had leave to visit one another to as great an extent as was ever allowed. Perhaps they also transacted other affairs of which their masters had little suspicion.

All that ever was allowed was permitted to the slaves on the Breda estate, in the plain, a few miles from Cap Français. The attorney or bailiff of the estate, M. Bayou de Libertas, was a kind-hearted man, who, while insisting very peremptorily on his political and social rights, and vehemently denouncing all abstract enmity to them, liked that people actually about him should have their own way. While ransacking his brain for terms of abuse to vent on Lafayette and Condorcet, he rarely found anything harsh to utter when Caton got drunk and spoiled his dinner; when Venus sent up his linen darker than it went down to the quarter; or when little Machabée picked his pocket of small coin. Such a man was, of course, particularly busy this week; and, of course, the slaves under his charge were particularly idle, and particularly likely to have friends from other plantations to visit them.

Some such visiter seemed to be expected by a family of these Breda negroes, on the Monday evening, the 22d. This family did not live in the slave quarter. They had a cottage near the stables, as Toussaint Breda had been M. Bayou's postillion; and, when he was lately promoted to be overseer, it was found convenient to all parties that he should retain his dwelling, which had been enlarged and adorned so as to accord with the dignity of his new office. In the piazza of his dwelling sat Toussaint this evening, evidently waiting for some one to arrive; for he frequently put down his book to listen for footsteps, and more than once walked round the house to look abroad. His wife, who was within, cooking supper, and his daughter and little boy, who were beside him in the piazza, observed his restlessness; for Toussaint was a great reader, and seldom looked off the page for a moment of any spare hour that he might have for reading either the books M. Bayou lent him, or the three or four volumes which he had been permitted to purchase for himself.

"Do you see Jean?" asked the wife from within. "Shall we wait supper for him?"

"Wait a little longer," said Toussaint. "It will be strange if he does not come."

"Are any more of Latour's people coming with Jean, mother?" asked Génifrède from the piazza.

"No; they have a supper at Latour's to-night; and we should not have thought of inviting Jean, but that he wants some conversation with your father."

"Lift me up," cried the little boy, who was trying in vain to scramble up one of the posts of the piazza, in order to reach a humming-bird's nest which hung in the tendrils of a creeper overhead, and which a light puff of wind now set swinging, so as to attract the child's eye. What child ever saw a humming-bird thus rocking, its bill sticking out like a long needle on one side, and its tail at the other, without longing to clutch it? So Denis cried out imperiously to be lifted up. His father set him on the shelf within the piazza, where the calabashes were kept: a station whence he could see into the nest and watch the bird, without being able to touch it. This was not altogether satisfactory. The little fellow looked about him for a calabash to throw at the nest; but his mother had carried in all her cups for the service of the supper-table. As no more wind came at his call, he could only blow with all his might, to swing the tendril again; and he was amusing himself thus when his father laid down his book, and stepped out to see once more whether Jean was approaching.

"Lift me down," said the boy to his sister, when his head was giddy with blowing. Génifrède would fain have let him stay where he was, out of the way of mischief; but she saw that he was really afraid of falling, and she offered her shoulders for him to descend upon. When down, she would not let him touch her work; she took her scissors from his busy hands, and shook him off when he tried to pull the snowberries out of her hair; so that there was nothing left for the child to play with but his father's book. He was turning it over when Toussaint reappeared.

"Ha! boy! a book in your hands already! I hope you may have as much comfort out of that book as I have had, Denis."

"What is it? what is it about?" said the boy, who had heard many a story out of books from his father.

"What is it? Let us see. I think you know letters enough to spell it out for yourself. Come and try."

The Child knew the letter E, and, with a good deal of help, made out, at last, Epictetus.

"What is that?" asked the boy.

"Epictetus was a negro," said Genifrède, complacently.

"Not a negro," said her father, smiling. "He was a slave, but he was a white."

"Is that the reason you read that book so much more than any other?"

"Partly; but partly because I like what is in it."

"What is in it—any stories?" asked Denis.

"It is all about bearing and forbearing. It has taught me many things which you will have to learn by-and-by. I shall teach you some of them out of this book."

Denis made all haste away from the promised instruction, and his father was presently again absorbed in his book. From respect to him, Génifrède kept Denis quiet by signs of admonition; and for some little time nothing was heard but the sounds that in the plains of St. Domingo never cease: the humming and buzzing of myriads of insects; the occasional chattering of monkeys in a neighboring wood, and, with a passing gust, a chorus of frogs from a distant swamp. Unconscious of this din, from being accustomed always to hear more or less of it, the boy amused himself with chasing the fireflies, whose light began to glance around as darkness descended. His sister was poring over her work, which she was just finishing, when a gleam of greenish light made both look up. It came from a large meteor which sailed past towards the mountains, whither were tending also the huge masses of cloud which gather about the high peaks previous to the season of rain and hurricanes. There was nothing surprising in this meteor, for the sky was full of them in August nights; but it was very beautiful. The globe of green light floated on till it burst above the mountains, illuminating the lower clouds, and revealing along the slopes of the uplands the coffee-groves, waving and bowing their heads in the wandering winds of that high region. Génifrède shivered at the sight, and her brother threw himself upon her lap. Before he had asked half his questions about the lights of the sky, the short twilight was gone, and the evening-star cast a faint shadow from the tufted posts of the piazza upon the white wall of the cottage. In a low tone, full of awe, Génifrède told the boy such stories as she had heard from her father of the mysteries of the heavens. He felt that she trembled as she told of the Northern Lights which had been actually seen by some travelled persons now in Cap Français. It took some time and argument to give him an idea of cold countries; but his uncle Paul, the fisherman, had seen hail on the coast only thirty miles from hence; and this was a great step in the evidence. Denis listened with all due belief to his sister's description of those pale lights shooting up over the sky, till he cried out vehemently, "There they are! look!"

Génifrède screamed, and covered her face with her hands; while the boy shouted to his father, and ran to call his mother to see the lights.

What they saw, however, was little like the pale, cold rays of the Aurora Borealis. It was a fiery red, which, shining to some height in the air, was covered in by a canopy of smoke.

"Look up, Génifrède," said her father, laying his hand upon her head. "It is a fire—a canefield on fire."

"And houses too—the sugar house, no doubt," said Margot, who had come out to look. "It burns too red to be canes only. Can it be at Latour's? That would keep Jean from coming. It was the best supper I ever got ready for him."

"Latour's is over that way," said Toussaint, pointing some distance farther to the southeast. "But see! There is fire there too! God have mercy!"

He was silent, in mournful fear that he knew now too well the reason why Jean had not come, and the nature of the conversation Jean had desired to have with him. As he stood with folded arms, looking from the one conflagration to the other, Génefrède clung to him, trembling with terror. In a quarter of an hour another blaze appeared on the horizon; and, soon after, a fourth.

"The sky is on fire," cried Denis, in more delight than fear. "Look at the clouds!" And the clouds did indeed show, throughout their huge pile, some a mild flame-color, and others a hard crimson edge, as during a stormy sunset.

"Alas! alas! this is rebellion," said Toussaint; "rebellion against God and man. God have mercy! The whites have risen against their king, and now the blacks rise against them in turn. It is a great sin. God have mercy!"

Margot wept bitterly. "Oh, what shall we do?" she cried. "What will become of us, if there is a rebellion?"

"Be cheerful and fear nothing," replied her husband. "I have not rebelled, and I shall not. M. Bayou has taught me to bear and forbear; yes, my boy, as this book says, and as the Book of God says. We will be faithful and fear nothing."

"But they may burn this plantation," cried Margot. "They may come here and take you away. They may ruin M. Bayou: and then we may be sold away: we may be parted—"

Her grief choked her words.

"Fear nothing," said her husband, with calm authority. "We are in God's hand, and it is a sin to fear his will. But see! there is another fire, over towards the town."

And he called aloud the name of his eldest son, saying he should send the boy with a horse to meet his master. He himself must remain to watch at home.

Placide did not come when called, nor was he at the stables. He was gone some way off, to cut fresh grass for the cattle—a common night-labor on the plantation.

"Call Isaac, then," said Toussaint.

"Run, Génifrède," said her mother. "Isaac and Aimée are in the wood. Run, Génifrède."

Génifrède did not obey. She was too much terrified to leave the piazza alone; though her father gently asked when she, his eldest daughter, and almost a woman, would leave off being scared on all occasions like a child. Margot went herself; so far infected with her daughter's fears as to be glad to take little Denis in her hand. She was not long gone. As soon as she entered the wood, she heard the sound of her children's laughter above the noise the monkeys made; and she was guided by it to the well. There, in the midst of the opening which let in the starlight, stood the well, surrounded by the only grass on the Breda estate that was always fresh and green; and there were Isaac and his inseparable companion Aimée, making the grass greener by splashing each other with more than half the water they drew. Their bright eyes and teeth could be seen by the mild light, as they were too busy with their sport to heed their mother as she approached. She soon made them serious with her news. Isaac flew to help his father with the horses, while Aimée, a stout girl of twelve, assisted her mother in earnest to draw water and carry it home.

They found Génifrède crouching alone in a corner of the piazza. In another minute Toussaint appeared on horseback, leading a saddled horse.

"I am going for M. Bayou myself," said he; adding, as he glanced round the lurid horizon, "It is not a night for boys to be abroad. I shall be back in an hour. If M. Bayou comes by the new road, tell him that I am gone by Mad. Ogé's. If fire breaks out here, go into the wood. If I meet Placide, I will send him home."

He disappeared under the limes in the avenue; and his family heard the pace of the horses quicken into a gallop before the sound died away upon the road.

A Chapter from De Tocqueville, showing that amongst the Americans all honest callings are honorable.

Among a democratic people, where there is no hereditary wealth, every man works to earn a living, or has worked, or is born of parents who have worked. The notion of labor is therefore presented to the mind on every side as the necessary, natural and honest condition of human existence. Not only is labor not dishonorable among such a people, but it is held in honor: the prejudice is not against it, but in its favor. In the United States a wealthy man thinks that he owes it to public opinion to devote his leisure to some kind of industrial or commercial pursuit, or to public business. He would think himself in bad repute if he employed his life solely in living. It is for the purpose of escaping this obligation to work, that so many rich Americans come to Europe, where they find some scattered remains of aristocratic society, among which idleness is still held in honor.

Equality of conditions not only ennobles the notion of labor in men's estimation, but it raises the notion of labor as a source of profit.

In aristocracies it is not exactly labor that is despised, but labor with a view to profit. Labor is honorific in itself, when it is undertaken at the sole bidding of ambition or of virtue. Yet in aristocratic society it constantly happens that he who works for honor is not insensible to the attractions of profit. But these two desires only intermingle in the innermost depths of his soul: he carefully hides from every eye the point at which they join; he would fain conceal it from himself. In aristocratic countries there are few public officers who do not affect to serve their country without interested motives. Their salary is an incident of which they think but little, and of which they always affect not to think at all. Thus the notion of profit is kept distinct from that of labor; however they may be united in point of fact, they are not thought of together.

In democratic communities these two notions are on the contrary always palpably united. As the desire of well being is universal—as fortunes are slender or fluctuating—as every one wants either to increase his own resources, or to provide fresh ones for his progeny—men clearly see that it is profit which, if not wholly at least partially leads them to work. Even those who are principally actuated by the love of fame are necessarily made familiar with the thought that they are not exclusively actuated by that motive; and they discover that the desire of getting a living is mingled in their minds with the desire of making life illustrious.

As soon as, on the one hand, labor is held by the whole community to be an honorable necessity of man's condition—and on the other, as soon as labor is always ostensibly performed, wholly or in part, for the purpose of earning remuneration—the immense interval which separated different callings in aristocratic societies disappears. If all are not alike, all at least have one feature in common. No profession exists in which men do not work for money; and the remuneration which is common to them all, gives them all an air of resemblance.

This serves to explain the opinions which the Americans entertain with respect to different callings. In America no one is degraded because he works, for every one about him works also; nor is any one humiliated by the notion of receiving pay, for the President of the United States also works for pay. He is paid for commanding—other men for obeying orders. In the United States professions are more or less laborious, more or less profitable; but they are never either high or low: every honest calling is honorable.

The Trade of Literature by De Tocqueville.

Democracy not only infuses a taste for letters among the trading classes, but introduces a trading spirit into literature.

In aristocracies, readers are fastidious and few in number; in democracies, they are far more numerous and far less difficult to please. The consequence is, that among aristocratic nations, no one can hope to succeed without immense exertions, and that these exertions, may bestow a great deal of fame, but can never earn much money; while among democratic nations, a writer may flatter himself that he will obtain at a cheap rate a meager reputation and a large fortune. For this purpose he need not be admired, it is enough that he is liked.

The ever-increasing crowd of readers, and their continual craving for something new, insures the sale of books which nobody much esteems.

In democratic periods the public frequently treat authors as kings do their courtiers; they enrich and they despise them. What more is needed by the venal souls which are born in courts, or which are worthy to live there?

Democratic literature is always infested with a tribe of writers who look upon letters as a mere trade; and for some few great authors who adorn it, you may reckon thousands of idea-mongers.

WISDOM OF OUR ANCESTORS.—The experience of the inexperienced, and the superior knowledge of the ignorant. Old women in pantaloons, who object to the smallest reform in our antiquated establishments, because they suited our forefathers, recall to memory the debate in the assembly of the Sorbonne upon the propriety of ordering new table-cloths. "What!" exclaimed a gray-bearded doctor, the conservative of the college, "are we wiser than our grandfathers? Are not these the identical cloths of which they so long made use?"—"Yes," said another, "and that is the reason why they are completely worn out."

WRONG—may be aggravated without any increase of evil doing, as good may be diminished without any abatement of actual beneficence. "Joyful remembrances of wrong actions," says Jean Paul, "are their half repetitions, as repentant remembrances of good ones are their half abolishment. In law, the intention, not the act, constitutes the crime; and in the moral law, virtue should be measured by the same standard.

TIME.—The vehicle that carries everything into nothing. We talk of *spending* our time, as if it were so much interest of a perpetual annuity; whereas we are all living upon our capital, and he who wastes a single day, throws away that which can never be recalled or recovered.

TALENT.—What we want in natural abilities may generally and easily be made up in industry; as a dwarf may keep pace with a giant, if he will but move his legs a little faster. "Mother!" said the Spartan boy, going to battle, "my sword is too short." "Add a step to it," was the reply.

Theology—says *Le Clerc*, is subject to revolutions as well as empires, but though it has undergone considerable changes, yet the humor of divines is much the same.

NOTICES.

SINGING SCHOOLS.

MR. WM. C. WEBSTER would respectfully announce, that he will open a School for the study and practice of SACRED MUSIC, in the Hall corner of Broadway and Houston st., (entrance to which is No. 603 Broadway,) on THURSDAY EVENING, the 19th instant, at 7 o'clock.

A Juvenile Singing School, for children of both sexes, from 6 to 15 years of age, will be commenced on SATURDAY AFTERNOON, the 21st inst., at half past three o'clock, at the same place. The Pestalozzian system is made the basis of instruction in these schools.

Terms to the above schools—the adult, for gentlemen, $3; for ladies, $2 per course of 18 lessons. The Juvenile School, $2 per scholar for 24 lessons.

Tickets of admission to the above schools may be obtained at the Book stores of Gould, Newman & Saxton, corner of Nassau and Fulton streets, John P. Haven, Broadway, and of Mr. W. at his Hall, on the evenings and afternoons of school.

Refer to Rev. J. O. CHOULES, 502 Broome st.
Rev. LA ROY SUNDERLAND, Editor of the Watchman.
I. EAMES, Esq., 88 Hicks st. Brooklyn, N. Y.
N. SOUTHARD, Editor Youth's Cabinet.
G. H. ANDREWS, Courier & Enq. Office.

SECOND APPEAL TO THE PUBLIC ON BEHALF OF THE AFRICANS TAKEN IN THE AMISTAD.

The time has now arrived when new and heavy expenses are to be incurred for the protection and deliverance of the thirty-six surviving Africans who are still in the custody of our government, awaiting the final decision of the Supreme Court of the United States. Several hundreds of dollars are still due for the expenses of instructing them daily for upward of fifteen months, and eminent counsel will be engaged as soon as the means are furnished, to conduct their defence, at Washington City, next January. If any one doubts the extremity of the peril in which these Africans are placed, let him read the Congressional document containing the correspondence between the Secretary of State and the Spanish Minister.

Shall these hapless sons of Africa, for want of farther aid, and able professional defenders, be surrendered to the Spanish Minister, who claims them "not as slaves but as assassins?" Will not the generous men and women who have already contributed to afford instruction and legal protection to these interesting strangers, again open their hands for their relief—and will not those who have not yet contributed for these noble purposes, forward their donations, which are needed more than ever at this juncture? Donors can designate in what way their benefactions shall be appropriated—whether for education or general purposes. Such sums as may be contributed for the former purpose will be handed to the committee at New Haven, Rev. L. Bacon, Rev. H. G. Ludlow, and Amos Townsend, Jr. Esq., and other donations will be appropriated by the undersigned according to their best judgment. All donations will be acknowledged in the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Reporter, and a copy sent to each donor. The disbursements will also be published. Money can be sent to Samuel D. Hastings, Esq., No. 20 Commerce street, Philadelphia; to Rev. A. A. Phelps, No 36 Washington street, Ellis Gray Loring, Boston; or to Lewis Tppaan, 122 Pearl street, and 131 Nassau street, New-York.

S. S. JOCELYN,
JOSHUA LEAVITT,
LEWIS TAPPAN, } *Committee.*

A Rich New Year's Present.

YOUTH'S CABINET.

For Families and Sunday Schools, weekly, at $1 per year, in advance.

THE Fourth Volume of this well known and highly approved Juvenile paper commences the first week in January, 1841, edited by N. Southard. It is made up of choice Narratives, original and select, pleasing Moral and Religious, Literary and Scientific Instruction, a variety of Useful Information, Juvenile Poetry, Anecdotes, &c., all designed to promote the best good of the young. It inculcates impartial Benevolence, Temperance, and all other Christian Virtues.

It is neatly printed on half a royal sheet, and each number contains one or more engravings. It has been highly recommended by one hundred editors and many parents and teachers, in notices and letters like the following:

From a Mother in Springfield, Mass.

"My little girl is delighted with the Cabinet. She can scarcely wait for the week to come round; and when the little welcome messenger arrives, her work or play is laid aside, to have a feast, as she calls it, with the welcome guest. She is willing to make any sacrifice rather than give up her paper."

From a Clergyman in Central New-York.

"My little daughter 8 years old, is very much delighted with your paper; and indeed, I read it myself with great interest."

We would refer those who wish for a neat, appropriate paper for their children, to the Youth's Cabinet, which they will find all they could desire in such a publication.—*Green Mountain Emporium.*

We hope all the young who can afford it, will have the opportunity of reading the Youth's Cabinet.—*N. H Bap. Register.*

We must say, that it is decidedly the most interesting youth's paper we have seen.—*N. Y. Weekly Messenger.*

Mr. Southard, its editor, has a happy faculty to convey instruction in an interesting manner, so as to leave a strong impression upon the minds of his juvenile readers. Its moral influence is decidedly good. If any family of children should unite and send one dollar, post paid, they will never be sorry that they had paid out their money for so good a paper.—*Oberlin Evangelist.*

Orders should be addressed, (post paid,) to the editor a No. 9, Spruce street, New-York, or 25 Cornhill, Boston.

Dec. 10, 1840. 6w

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

For sale by Isaac T. Hopper, 143 Nassau Street.

THE FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER, &c., containing 769 pages large octavo—price $1 50. It contains much interesting original and selected matter, well worth the attention of the members of the Society of Friends, as well as the public generally.

Bound up in the volume will be found, "Brief Remarks on some of the charges recently made against the early writers of the Society of Friends, by George Harrison, New Castle, England." The following short extract will shew, in some measure, the character of the work, viz:

"The working of this subtil spirit, which has got abroad, —this old accuser of the brethren, has been very insidious; it has been at work for many years, but durst not avow its real object and character. It pretended it was attacking Hicksism, but it was easy to see, long ago, that genuine Quakerism was meant. It is now throwing off the mask, and shewing itself in its true colors."

"THE DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM, an absolute and irresistible proof of the Divine origin of Christianity; including a Narrative of the calamities which befel the Jews, so far as they tend to verify our Lord's predictions relative to that event: with a description of the City and Temple." This work is deeply interesting to Christians of all denominations.

"The history of the life of Thomas Ellwood, or an account of his birth, education, &c, with divers observations on his life and manners when a youth; and how he came to be convinced of the truth; with his many sufferings and services for the same. Also, several other remarkable passages and occurrences. Written by his own hand. To which is added, a supplement," by J. W.

It can hardly be necessary to inform any member of the Society of Friends of the merits of this work. It has gone through four editions, and is among the most interesting of Friends' journals.

This latter work can be had separately—price 50 cents

Right and Wrong in the Anti-Slavery Societies.

——by the soul
Only, the nations shall be great and free!
WORDSWORTH.

THE Seventh Annual Report of the Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society, presented October 14, 1840. For sale at the anti-slavery office, 143 Nassau st. Price, 12½ cents single.

This work ought to be in the hands of every abolitionist.

The following selection from it is the purest gold, and beautifully wrought out:

"The anti-slavery societies have not yet done their work. When, in the heat of political excitement, amid which the favorers of the cause, a few years hence, will be engaged; when, in the conflict of a northern and southern party, yet to spring out of this question, *compensation—partial emancipation—intermediate arrangements—delay*, become the rallying words of the opposition—then let the slave rejoice if the anti-slavery societies exist, to urge up to the mark a partially regenerated people, who, though *favorers* of the cause of freedom, will not deserve to be called its friends; for they will need constant and persevering rebuke, entreaty, warning, to prevent their making shipwreck of the cause. Not by numbers, but by laborious and energetic fidelity, will the work be wrought out. 'Not by might nor by power, but by *my Spirit*, saith the Lord of hosts!"

Nov. 19, 1840.

Just Published,

"*The Envoy, From Free hearts to the Free.*"

A COLLECTION of original pieces in poetry and prose, published by the Pawtucket Juvenile Emancipation Society, for the benefit of its funds.

This little volume is confidently recommended to the patronage of the public, as it is believed that it will be found to possess merit independent of the object which has called it forth. Many writers have contributed to the pages of the annual, presenting thereby a pleasing variety in style and sentiment; yet agreeing in these grand and fundamental points, the universal brotherhood of *man*, and the abolition of *all* slavery.

For sale at 143 Nassau street—25 Cornhill, Boston—the Anti-Slavery Office, Providence, and at J. M'Intyre's, Pawtucket, R. I. Price 42 cts.

New York, November 19, 1840.

Free Dry Goods.

CALICOES, bleached and unbleached muslins, bleached and unbleached Canton flannel, apron check, colored muslins, printed and plain pongees, bleached, unbleached, mixed, and lead-colored knitting cotton, cotton and linen table diapers, printed and plain grass cloths, wicking and cotton laps, fine linen thread, superfine bed ticking, cotton pantaloon stuffs, men's and women's cotton hose, white and black wadding. Also, a variety of silk, linen, and woollen goods, wholesale and retail.

CHARLES WISE,
Corner of Arch & Fifth street.

Philadelphia, 11th mo. 12, 1840.

N. B. Persons from a distance wishing any of the above goods can have them sent, by forwarding their orders to the subscriber. C WISE.

Dr. Church's Tooth Powder,

OR THE GREAT TOOTH PRESERVATIVE.

1. It is excellent in cleansing the Teeth and making them white, and preventing their decay. In order to keep the teeth clean and wholesome, the Brush and Powder must be used; for, by the frequent mastication of food, there is a viscid matter which adheres to the teeth, and which, if not removed, causes disease and decay.

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3. It is sure to cause and preserve a sweet breath, and a pleasant taste to the mouth. Sad indeed is the evil, the pain, the destruction of comfort and health, which is brought about by *neglect*. For there is and there can be nothing worse for an individual than a bad breath; yet by overlooking the teeth, how many hundreds and thousands have a disagreeable breath; and when in conversation, even, are conscious of it, and involuntarily turn their heads!—Still, all this can be remedied in a short time, by the application of the powder, so that health, comfort and beauty, and a sweet breath will be in the possession of all

4. It hardens the gums. When the gums are soft and spongy, this powder will make them hard. Nearly one-half of the teeth which are lost, is owing to the disease of the soft and spongy gums, and collection of tartar.

For sale by Gould, Newman & Saxton, corner of Fulton and Nassau streets.

ANTI-SLAVERY ALMANAC FOR 1841.

This Almanac is filled with a great amount of original and interesting matter, from the pen of Theodore D. Weld. It is not only calculated to awaken a new and lively interest among Freedom's warmest friends, but admirably adapted to make new converts to the anti-slavery cause, as most of the popular objections to immediate and unconditional emancipation are considered in the author's clear, logical, and caustic style. Let there be no delay in procuring a copy; and when it is purchased, don't throw it aside, to be used only to ascertain the time of the sun's rising and setting, but at once read it through attentively. When you have done this, you will feel like co-operating with a few friends to put a copy into every family in your respective towns.—*Liberator.*

☞ Price $30 per 1000. 6 cents single. To be had at all the Depositories.

INFORMATION WANTED.—Of EDWARD POWELL, and CATHARINE CRUMWELL, his sister, formerly of Flatbush, L. I., subsequently of Brooklyn and of this city. Any person knowing either of the above named persons, or their children, will confer a favor by leaving word at this office, or at 61 Cherry street, upon A RELATIVE.

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